WILLIAM PENN
QUAKER & COLONIST

G. GODFRAY SELLICK

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The Meeting House, Jordans.

Jordan's Burial Ground. William Penn's grave in left foreground.

WILLIAM PENN

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By
G. GODFRAY SELLICK

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PREFACE

FOR the writing of this small Life of William Penn my information has been obtained by personal investigation in the Jordans and Chalfonts country, and from the following books: Hepworth Dixon's *History of William Penn,* Granville Penn's *Memoirs,* Forster Clarkson's *Life,* Mrs. Colquhoun Grant's *Quaker and Courtier,* Gibbs' *Worthies of Buckinghamshire,* Roscoe's *Penn's Country,* W. H. Summers' *Memories.* I have used also Macaulay's History, Parkman's *Conspiracy of Pontiac,* and Muzzey's *American History.*

G. GODFRAY SELLICK.

Chalfont St. Peter,
Bucks.

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CHAPTER I
THE PENNS

BEFORE the advent of the founder of Pennsylvania the Penns of Penn in Buckinghamshire and of Penn Lodge in the county of Wilts. lived their lives in the open and unsheltered sea spaces. With steel in hand, and with trade their object, their work was done on ship-board and in foreign ports. What was said of the admiral, William Penn's father, that 'he was a worldly man and of the earth most earthy,' and the man for whom he toiled 'was himself,' might also be said of his brother, George Penn, and of his father, Giles. They traded for their own profit; their ships carried guns and pikes to ensure their own aggrandizement.

Giles, the grandfather of the Quaker, sailed out of Bristol to trade across the North Sea and in Spanish ports. In fighting against cheating factors and privateering rovers, he passed his days and returned home opulent and fatigued. Of his two sons, William, the future admiral—who willingly served Stuart monarch and Cromwell—learned the sea-trade under his

direction, and came at last to throw a long shadow on the quarterdeck. His other son, George, also under the paternal eye, studied rather the trade of a merchant, and pursued it through seas of jeopardy and into adventures that surpass the visions of a writer of fiction. From Antwerp George brought his wife, a Catholic lady of Spain, and established a home for her in San Lucar. There they lived happily, while his father, old Giles, went questing adventurously among Moorish ports, defying the swarms of Barbary pirates from Tetuan and Sallee. But George Penn attracted the unfriendly attentions, and aroused the jealousy, of the monks and priests who came as his wife's confessors. In the words of Hepworth Dixon, 'as he grew in wealth these priests grew angry at his blameless life. How could a heretic be a blameless man? Was he ever seen at Mass? Was he known to confess his sins? Did he honour the Spanish saints?' Spies were craftily set about him; his wife was questioned; his wife's sisters were examined; but when nothing could be found against him to justify the civil powers dealing with his case, they got from the Holy Office in Seville a secret warrant for his arrest.

That day his happiness in life ended. They seized all his possessions—even his horses, and the goods in his ship's hold. They took his wife from him and declared him an outcast. In a dungeon at Seville they starved him, racked him, deprived him of light, news, and intercourse with

living men. The lash scored his naked back; and he was charged with being a heretic.

To his brother, William, when he was cruising off Ireland, an opportunity opened to retaliate against the brutality of the Holy Office. Chance put into his hands a Spanish nobleman of high rank and, with swift if vindictive thought, Captain William Penn made full use of the moment. The nobleman was stripped to his skin and, in that condition, imprisoned in the ship's hold. The outrage produced an inquiry, and the inquiry led to the release of George Penn from his prison and his return to the world of light and companionship.

Captain William was not a brilliant, but was certainly a capable, naval officer. He rose steadily in the service. His dexterity in maintaining a level mental balance, and in permitting no dangerous see-saw fluctuation of purpose during those difficult years, kept his feet ever steadily climbing. When Charles the king was executed he sent in his earnest assurances of loyal devotion to Cromwell; when Charles the second returned William Penn was 'the King's servant to command.' Pepys—whose prudent mind would permit him to do no less—mistrusted the admiral, and misliked him, yet visited him and frolicked with his merry, buxom wife.

Cromwell accepted the admiral's declarations of loyalty and rated him Sea-General under Blake. But on Penn's return from his failure to capture San Domingo—and ostensibly to punish him for his part in that failure—the Lord Pro-

tector deprived him of his offices and sent him for a spell to prison. It is more likely, however, that Cromwell was already informed upon the secret letter sent by his Sea-General to Charles Stuart in Cologne, offering him a like devotion.

So, it may be said, the salt of the seas and the restless airs of adventure were in the blood of the founder of Pennsylvania who was born on Monday, October 14, in the year 1644, and while his father was away at sea.

It was the year when Charles the First lay with his forces at Oxford, in which city he had convened a Parliament. It was the year, also, of Marston Moor fight, and of Cromwell's bold proposition of the Self-denying Ordinance. And that month of October, when William Penn opened his eyes in a tumultuous and discordant world, opened a winter of exceptional and memorable severity.

In his infancy Archbishop Laud went to execution, the battle of Naseby was fought, Bristol was carried by storm, and Prince Rupert fell into disgrace with the King; Cromwell's Ironsides evolved into an invincible force, and the King surrendered to the Scots. The sad mischief was ended, and the smoke of the guns cleared from the trampled fields, perhaps, when the child William first became conscious of the troubled world into which he was born.

The see-saw of success carried the Royalists down and swung the Puritans up. The merry, hearty roysterers who had made great din in

street and house made way for the sombrely-clothed, silent men of quiet voice and serious mind. A Republican government superseded rule by a Monarchy. The House of God filled, and the playhouse emptied. Less was to be heard the rattling of tankards and more the turning of the leaves of the Holy Book.

The boy William, passing out over the step of his home, was deeply impressed at an impressionable and sensitive age, with the new and contrasting atmosphere then filling the outdoor world. Even within his home much of the old activity still remained. There were his jovial, honest, and talkative father, fashioned by the sea and surrounded by hearty sea-going friends; his mother, so alive with laughter and frolic; his little sister Peg, whom Pepys later set down for a 'proud, beggarly fool.' Outside his home the streets were peopled with grave-featured, quiet-eyed citizens, who walked slowly and with dignity. Colour was lacking from the dress of many of them, and play was no longer a part in their life's interests. They carried the Bible openly and lovingly. And the coins in their purse even were inscribed 'God with us.'

That his child's mind absorbed and loved the peace shed by the devotional Puritans is evident. He has declared that while he was still in the first decade of his life, and at a moment when he was suffering a low and feverish depression, he was helped with a sacred visitation that awed him and was never afterwards forgotten by him. The room in which he was sitting was dark, and

he sat there alone. Suddenly it filled with a 'soft and holy light. His blood warmed with a surge of great joy. His eyes filled with a holy flame. And his whole being was uplifted in a radiance.' He knew not what it meant. He saw but the wondrous light, and experienced the radiance within him.

He was then a pupil at school at Chigwell, and his mother, Margaret Penn, had fetched him home to Wanstead—it may be because of his 'low and feverish mood.' The admiral was enduring, to the order of the suspicious Lord Protector, a spell of confinement within the walls of the Tower of London.

CHAPTER II

EDUCATION

WILLIAM PENN was born in a disastrous age of luxury and artificiality; and was destined to witness the suffering that is an inevitable consequence of an indulgence in ostentatious shams. He was to behold good people, simple-living folk, suffer imprisonment and oppression for their honest and purifying faith. He was himself to be overtaken by the same spiteful oppression, yet was to light a glimmer of godliness that, as the surrounding darkness deepened, should burn the brighter. In such moments, when evil increases in force to extinguish the lamps upheld by the faithful, is to be seen, ever, the miracle of God's hand shielding the fluttering flame. So the lamps lit in those sensuous, faithless days of the Stuarts by Penn, George Fox, Whitehead, and Thomas Ellwood, burned until the darkness lifted from mens' minds.

The fluctuating, and mostly falling, fortunes of his father enforced an oft-broken education for William Penn. He was at his first school at Chigwell when his father was flung into the Tower. Thence he passed for a brief while to a small school on Tower Hill, and next into the hands of a tutor at Macroom in Ireland—where

his father had retreated to his estate when his fortunes were at their lowest.

But with the restoration of Charles the second befell the restoration of Admiral Penn to position, and to Court favour. With the boy he watched, from a house on Cornhill, the King's entry into the City and, it may be supposed, with much joy and relief. Charles knighted him for his past services and loyalty, and appointed him a Navy Commissioner with an income of £500 a year and a 'lodge' in Navy Gardens. Thus, under seemingly kinder auspices, young William Penn, at the age of fifteen, was entered as a Gentleman Commoner at Christ Church, Oxford.

There, in the sweet society of John Locke and Robert Spencer—afterwards the Earl of Sunderland—he settled to a seriousness of thought. While not denying himself the pleasures of healthy sport and recreations his hours were devoted to the serious development of his mind. He corresponded with the Dean of Christ Church on matters spiritual—and surrendered to the religious teaching of Thomas Loe, once of Oxford but now a Quaker. Out of his close study and thought the rebel in him was created. He was fined by the Heads of his college for nonconformity and finally expelled, after—with the support of friends—having torn away the surplices from the backs of their wearers when the King had ordered that surplices should be worn.

Oxford was still continuing the conflict between

Royalist and Puritan. In some a cavalier spirit of reckless free-living and debauchery was maintained only to deepen the serious religiousness of the Puritans. The former attended college chapels for mere formality's sake; the latter absented themselves to seek out other teachers of simpler faith and greater love of godliness. So William Penn, perceiving clearly that a new period of religious persecution was opening, unhesitatingly took a side and accepted guidance of Thomas Loe, who explained to him the teaching of George Fox, founder of the sect called the Friends or Seekers, who were known by the gibing name of Quakers, or Shakers.

The admiral was sorely hurt and very angry that a rebellious fellow, and a moody one, should be son of his. His own state then was being blessed with abundant good fortune; he was holding many high offices and enjoying the strong favour of the Duke of York. The King smiled on him, and had revived his hope of winning a peerage. He was granted an estate at Shangarry Castle in County Cork. The single dark shadow on his prospect was this ranting, non-conforming son.

At first he made a jest of it, but as information reached him of the boy's amazing progress in a direction opposite to that he desired for him, his anger quickened. He brought the boy back to town and steeped him in the wild waters of the worldly life. And on that day, it may be said, William Penn's education really began. He was led often to dance rooms and to visit at houses

where unseemly frolics never rested; to the card tables and dice rooms; to the cock-pit theatre to watch the play. He was shut up in his room, and lashed with his father's indignant tongue, because he would have none of their 'life.' Neither would he admit that his refusal to obey the order of the King and wear cap and gown at Oxford was a fault. He had a lively, rollicking father, a gay and merry mother, an enchanting sister. He had folk about him who laughed uproariously, drank inordinately, dressed like stage puppets. But he had, too, memories of another atmosphere than that which filled their world, and of serious-minded, devotional, holy men who did not make of *their* world a den of rakes. His quietness increased, his understanding of God widened, his vision of the right way in life became illumined—and the volcanic anger of his father hurt him only because he was his father whom he loved.

The admiral beheld him being surely moulded by hands and influences into a shape that was unfamiliar and unpleasing to him. And hearing of a party of the boy's Oxford companions going to study in Paris he sent his son along with them and hoped that the gay life in that city would arrest his 'moodiness.' Within a few weeks he was congratulating himself on his thoughtfulness. He received news of the boy that completely removed every shadow from his mind. He heard of his son caught in the cauldron of life there, frequenting jovial societies and night assemblies, even fighting a brave duel with a street bravado

and that on the spot and swiftly to the challenge. So, he believed, he had succeeded in snatching the boy out of stagnant waters and setting him away for ever from the deadly influence of non-conformity as taught by the fanatics Thomas Loe and Richard Owen.

He saw it, too, to be the fitting time when to start his son in a career to the honour he had dreamed of for him. But deeming it, after thought, better to keep him a while longer at his books, he placed him in the tutoring care of the famous Doctor Moses Amyrault of Saumur in Anjou, and left him in those capable hands two years. In years to come the public, who mistrusted William Penn because of his intimacy with James the Second, preferred to pronounce the name of the sunny little village on the Loire as St. Omer, where was a college of Jesuits. Making the error they were convinced that he was a Papist assisting in a Roman Catholic revival and masked with a disguise.

When Penn was nineteen years of age he departed from Doctor Amyrault and travelled in Switzerland and Italy. In the latter country he met the exiled Algernon Sydney and became his lasting friend. Thence he returned to France and was presented at Court to Louis Quartorze —after which honour he crossed to England.

Quite different now were his father's emotions than when the boy had returned home from Oxford. It seemed that his schemes had been rewarded with real success. He saw in his son the outline and qualities of a true English gentle-

man. 'In person,' said Hepworth Dixon, 'he had grown into a graceful, strong, handsome man. His face was mild and almost womanly in its beauty; his eyes were soft and full; his brow was open and ample; his features, well-defined, approached the ideal; and the lines about his mouth were sweet yet firm. Like Milton he wore his hair long and parted in the centre of the forehead, from which it fell over his neck and shoulders in massive ringlets. In mien and manner he was formed by nature, stamped by art, a gentleman.' Even Mr. Pepys said of him that he was a most modish person—grown a fine gentleman.

Though it is likely that the admiral found greater satisfaction in the thought that the boy had made the acquaintance of many a fine nobleman on his travels and that he had not hesitated to put a hand to draw his blade.

CHAPTER III

THE SHADOW OF COMING PERSECUTION

SIR WILLLIAM PENN was a tactician, and in no matter more so than in his fight to save his son from the influence of religious men. He believed that life in Paris and Italy had dealt powerful strokes at the gravity in the boy; and now he began to improve his success with energy. He surrounded his son with 'life,' filling his hours with the frolics of gay companions. He sent him to study law at Lincoln's Inn; and when war opened with the Dutch, who were challenging for the supremacy of the seas, he carried him off on his ship to serve under him. When it was necessary to send despatches from the fleet to the King young William Penn was chosen for carrier. Thus he was put into contact with Royalty and the Court.

Youth is a questing, inquiring period, though not all Youth searches the world with the lantern of godly faith and the inner eye of holy truth. William Penn saw all that his father would have him observe, and was not caught with it. To the admiral the world was brilliant, alive, and happy; to the boy it was pit-black, stagnant, and miserable. The revelling gentlemen at his father's table were to him but pretenders and their gaiety a sham; the Courts of Justice were

naught but a parched place, and the laws explained in them often unjust; the wars fought between nations were futile and savage.

Then the Great Plague attacked London, and William Penn beheld men dying like creatures of no account and being rudely flung into lime pits. He may have reflected, as many a godly man reflected in those days, that herein was revealed the judgement of God upon a city of woeful sin, of unbridled lasciviousness and flaunted self-conceit, of garish display of pomp and self-satisfaction. He beheld men who had seemed to bestride life like immortals, while vaunting their greatness and indulging rights of self-gratification, suddenly mastered with fear. They had thought only of life, now they thought only of death. Law-makers and law-interpreters, priests, 'pothecaries—all sorts and conditions of men—fled from their posts. Those who could not flee remained and blasphemed God for His cruelty instead of confessing their errors and praying humbly for His mercy. He saw, too, the noble calmness of the few faithful who, when their parsons deserted them to a fear of contagion and kept away from the Holy House, went singly in, closed the door of their pews, and prayed alone.

The admiral presently decided upon sending the boy away into Ireland, after securing for him there a position as Clerk of the Cheque of Kinsale. He promised him, also, a military career should he be so minded.

James Butler, the first Duke of Ormonde, was

then the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, a man of keen wit and a lover of gay society. Upon him at Dublin young Penn waited, respectfully acceding to his father's discreet wish. In Ormonde were many good qualities to attract and please the boy, chiefly his loyalty, stability of character, and cleanness of mind. From the immorality of the Stuart court Ormonde held aloof: yet in assisting their House he had hazarded his life, had lived in exile and spent, it is computed, a sum round about £900,000. The Lord Lieutenant welcomed Penn warmly, and liked him. Also he observed him closely and, after a while, was justified in writing to Sir William that there was no longer an impishness in the boy, who was choosing and adorning bright and happy society.

When the mutiny broke out at Carrickfergus Penn donned steel and swung a blade to assist in quelling it. His readiness to take arms was conspicuous. As a soldier he won renown; and with enthusiasm he pressed his father to be given his 'company.' So caught was he then by the military life that he had his portrait painted in the steel dress of war. It was the only portrait for which he sat, and makes a strange fact in the life of one who was destined for labour in the service of Peace.

But the admiral was reluctant to grant him a 'company' just then. And the boy passed from Dublin to Kinsale, there to perform more sober duties as Clerk of the Cheque, paying seamen's wages and supervising naval stores. One other

brief spell of military action was to fall to him when, during the war, he held an ensign's rank and took arms again. Then he passed into the Higher Service; to fight with tongue and pen against the ignorance of unbelievers and the wilful sinning of the indifferent.

He returned to London to assist in the establishing of his father's claim to the estates of Shangarry Castle before the Land Commissioners of the Crown and to be present at the marriage of sister Peg with Anthony Lowther, a gentleman of Maske in Yorkshire. Then he went back again to Cork.

And it was at this time, in Cork, that he again met with Thomas Loe the Quaker, listened to his teaching, and finally surrendered his heart and mind to the Holy Cause.

In Cork the tenets of the Friends raised immediately a storm. At a meeting held by them there in September 1667, soldiers and police rushed the house and arrested them all. Penn was one of the number arrested. The Mayor reminded him that he was acting against them under authority of the Proclamation of 1660, which was an order—he did not explain—specially made out against the Fifth Monarchy men. Penn was carried away afterwards into confinement in jail.

'Religion,' he wrote to Lord Orrery whose influence eventually secured his release from prison, 'which is at once my crime and my innocence, makes me a prisoner to a Mayor's malice, but mine own free man.'

It was his first taste of persecution. He had been afflicted for his faith. And, following upon it, as follows always upon suffering endured for a good cause, his strength grew and his faith increased. He became openly a convert to Quakerism; and the news of his 'reversion' reached his father in due time and his father ordered him instantly to return home.

Information of the boy's complete relapse poured in to the admiral, and filled him with rage. His son was showing himself openly in company with fanatic ranters and canters. Impervious and blind to the public's scorn, he had joined even with the new and much-persecuted sect, the Friends.

Yet, says Hepworth Dixon, on arriving in London a few days before Christmas 1667, he silenced for a while the rebukes of his father by appearing before him dressed in lace and ruffles, with sword and plume, and like a gentleman of the Court. The admiral, at sight of him, restrained his choler and observed him closely and with new hopes of him, until the boy was brought into the presence of the Court. And there the young Quaker refused even to doff his hat.

'I am a Friend,' he explained to his father. 'The Friends uncover their head to none but the name of God.'

To the twentieth century it will seem a shocking, and even a rebellious act, as well as disrespectful, to refuse to salute Royalty by raising the hat. To Admiral Penn it was much

more than that—it was an injudicious impropriety and a dangerous display of daring.

But to his son, and it may be said to many others who were not even Friends, it may have been but a small matter. Until the return of Charles Stuart to England at the Restoration Majesty was honoured by its subjects with the bending of the knee. Hats were to be worn. Heads were to be covered and protected as much as were backs and feet. Men sat at table to eat, in church to worship, in shop and office, wearing their hat. They doffed their headgear only when, in church, God's name was spoken. So while at Court, to the examples introduced by Sedley and Rochester, the new French elegancies of manners were readily learned, it is possible that that generation of commoners was not so speedy in taking to them.

The admiral was astounded and furious. Even to-day there exist intellects that are unable to understand Idealism. He who pulls against the stream is to them but a fool. To go with the stream is to go peacefully. 'Tis not considered by them that the stream may be flowing to disaster. Sir William Penn perceived only that his son's obstinacy was certain to give offence, and to call forth resentment.

'How shall you behave, you an ensign, an officer of the King's, a Clerk of the Cheque, *and the son of a Navy Commissioner*' (and there lay the barb, we may presume) 'in the presence of your sovereign prince? Shall you then wear your hat?' he demanded.

Anticipating the pain he was to cause his father the boy requested to be allowed time in which to think upon the question.

'To consult the ranters?' said the admiral.

'I will not see them, sir,' said Penn. 'Let me go to my room.'

There he passed a long time in prayer, and afterwards informed his father sadly that he could not consent to lift his hat to mortal man.

'Not to the King, and to the Duke of York?' demanded the admiral.

'Not even to the King, sir,' said Penn.

'Then ye shall not abide here in my house,' said his father, and, in hot indignation, turned him out of doors.

CHAPTER IV

AS MINISTER AND PAMPHLETEER.

TO Penn lifting his hat meant much more than just an elegant trick in courtesy; and, although his refusal to practise the habit must lose for him a pleasant and sheltered home and the companionship of his father and mother, he refused definitely. So he passed out of his home, mourning and pained, and entered upon the road of his choice, where walked those devoted spirits who were despised by men for their love of God. His memory was burdened with that last scene between himself and his irate father—the admiral alternately storming and pleading, himself agreeing even to be disinherited.

With no independent fortune of his own, but with only the memory of pain caused his father, he departed from the door trouble-laden.

He went to the Friends, who gave him a joyful welcome as a soul drawn out of great danger. He turned a corner, as it were, out of a street sunlit and lively with revellers into one of cool and quiet shade. From the hilarious society of courtiers, of sea captains—of the critical Pepys, and the cynical play-writer Dick Broome—he turned gladly to the gentler-tongued, more simple and charitable souls who

worshipped and lived in the sight of God. And dwelling among them, in his twenty-fourth year, he began his life's work as a minister of the gospel. In that year of 1668 also he wrote his first pamphlet *Truth Exalted*. The supporting influence of George Fox, Thomas Loe, and George Whitehead, impelled him to write it boldly if boyishly. He signed it 'By William Penn, whom Divine Love constrains in holy contempt to trample upon Egypt's glory, not fearing the King's wrath, having beheld the majesty of Him who is invisible.' In it he made exhortations to kings, priests, and people, to examine the ground on which their faith and worship stood, and how far these were built on divine authority. He testified to the sure and glorious light that was arisen and shone forth in the life and doctrine of the despised Quakers.

He had doffed the steel suit, the head pot and the sword, but with his pen he fought on still, and with the rigour and swiftness of the ensign. His preachings and writings, as well as his new manner of going abroad sombrely clad even among the fawning minions of the Court, stung many a person to a state of fury. The wits laughed at him, the bullies withheld from attacking him only from memories of—as Hepworth Dixon suggests—his skill of fence. But one man more than them all was infuriated against him and kept a memory of his affronting bearing and speech with spiteful carefulness. This was Lord Arlington who, as an enthusiastic servitor to Prince Rupert and worker for the consummation

of that Prince's naval ambition, was already estranged from Sir William Penn. Arlington observed how that the young Quaker not only preached nonconformity, but practised it. He saw how invulnerable he was to sneers and taunts, how he appeared to flaunt his sombre garb and meek mien. He heard him 'Theeing and Thouing' the people and 'Yeaing and Naying' to their inquiries. He watched him living the Quaker life of self-denial, and holding away from the pleasures of the world that his soul should escape contamination. He recorded the fellow's polemical disputes with John Clapham, a Norfolk rector, and Vincent, a scholar of Christ Church. And he doubled his observation when Penn and Whitehead invaded Vincent's chapel in Spital Yard to denounce the pastor and reply to a challenge he had flung at them.

Sir William was proving a tough antagonist to Lord Arlington at the Navy Office just then, but his lordship believed that ere long he should pierce the admiral's armour with the errors committed by his ranting son. Vincent, too, who had lost two of his flock to the 'blasphemous hypocrits and schismatics,' watched for the moment to come when he could strike at them. He found it when Penn presently printed his pamphlet whose title filled the front page: 'The Sandy Foundations shaken: or those so generally believed and applauded doctrines of one God subsisting in three distinct and separated persons —the impossibility of God's pardoning sinners

without a plenary satisfaction—and the justification of impure persons by an imputative righteousness refuted from the authority of scripture testimonies and right reason, by W.P., Jnr., a builder on that foundation which cannot be removed.'

Pepys said of the pamphlet that he found it, 'I think, too good for him ever to have writ it.' But Vincent pounced upon it. He declared it blasphemous and called for its suppression. His appeal for civil force to put it down awakened Arlington. The printer of the booklet was taken up under the charge that it was printed lacking the license of the Bishop. He was urged while in the Gatehouse prison to reveal the name of its author—although Arlington suspected the man who was intimated by the initials W.P., Jnr.

Verification of his suspicion was, to his amazement, supplied by Penn himself, who waited upon him at his house and confessed to the authorship. He pointed out the innocence of the printer, Derby, and desired to be let take his place in jail. Lord Arlington was ready enough to assent and to accept him. And, urged with spite and hatred against the admiral, he sent the young Quaker to the Tower. In his eagerness to hurt his enemy he omitted to charge and commit the prisoner.

Penn was conveyed to the Byward gate of the Tower and there threw Sir John Robinson, the harsh and hitherto unscrupulous lieutenant, into a paroxysm of alarm. Robinson knew that a

Secretary of State had not the right to commit a prisoner to the Tower, and that the King only, supported by the Lords in Council, could do so. He knew, too, that the star of Sir William Penn was ascending high, and that he was a crony of the Duke of York's who, should the King die, would occupy the throne. He, therefore, sent a messenger at all haste to Arlington for the writ of commitment. And, realizing his indiscretion, Arlington took coach and immediately came to him.

At first he attempted to browbeat Penn, demanding an explanation of a paper which he said the Quaker had let fall in his house, a paper charged with blasphemy. Penn denied knowledge of it calmly and quietly, yet definitely. And, next, Arlington made pretence of being his ardent friend and well-wisher; and at last, when he left the lieutenant's lodgings it was, he said, that he might make Penn's case well with the King. It is most probable that neither Penn nor Robinson was deceived with his promises to plead to the King for the prisoner's release.

His purpose in going to Charles was to secure from the King the Royal support of his hasty action. And Charles, who loved a clown and his buffoonery far more than a scholar and his philosophy, gave him his support readily. A hasty meeting of the Council was called—consisting of a few easily swayed members only—and the warrant for the detention of Penn within the Tower on a charge of blasphemy was made out.

Nevertheless, and with the support of the worldly king, Lord Arlington's uneasiness was not lessened. While, with the support of the King of kings, Penn's mind was at rest and his heart undismayed.

That they had exceeded truth and justice both the King and Arlington knew. They could only hope that imprisonment would break Penn's spirit and cause him to confess to the charge of blasphemy. Then they could release him. Arlington spread the news that the fellow was the Bishop of London's prisoner; and it was said, too, that the Bishop had declared that he should recant or else die a prisoner.

Penn's reply was sent in a message to his father, who was lying on a bed of sickness. 'Thou mayest tell my father,' said he, 'my prison shall be my grave before I will budge one jot. I owe my conscience to no mortal man. I have no fear. God will make amends for all.'

Then opened an amazing series of crafty tricks which emanated from the anxious mind of Arlington, it may be.

Frequently the King sent to the Tower inquirers and inquisitors to read for him the progress being made in the wearing down of the placid mind of the young Quaker. Always they reported that they found him at ease, his mind in great comfort, his heart strong. The winter passed into spring, and still the learned examiners could report only that they found Penn in a 'reasonable state of mind.'

The admiral left his sick bed to plead to the

Council for his son. His endeavours only enraged them; and the King ordered Bishop Henchman to proceed against the fellow in the Consistorial Courts on a charge of blasphemous heresy. But it would appear that the Bishop, too, was uneasy about the matter. He knew secretly that in *The Sandy Foundations Shaken* were no blasphemies. He disappeared from the scene, shrank from the task of examining Penn, and disobeyed the King's order.

Meanwhile Penn gave up his hours to the writing of another pamphlet, *No Cross, No Crown,* in which he defended Quakerism and its tenets. Among the texts adorning its title page is, 'But Mordecai bowed not.' And it was described as being writ by W. Penn, junior, an humble disciple and patient bearer of the cross of Jesus.

Incidentally in those words it informed the King, Arlington, and the world—and without the need for their stealthy examiners' help—upon the faithful mind of its author and of their utter failure to wear down his devoted spirit.

CHAPTER V

TRIAL

EDWARD STILLINGFLEET was described by Macaulay as being renowned as a consummate master of all weapons of controversy. It is an interesting reflection, therefore, that it is a letter of that divine's which provides unanswerable evidence of the purity of Penn's integrity and so gives the reply to the charges made against Penn by Macaulay in his first edition.

But while Macaulay wrote with a strange bias against Penn—and the more strange when it is remembered that himself was the son of a Quaker lady—he did not overstate the virtues of Stillingfleet. Pepys ' carried his wife and her woman to Whitehall to hear the famous young Stillingfleet,' who, in his early years, was called Stillingfleet the Great, and had engaged in complex religious controversy with the Jesuits till he became recognized by all churchmen as the ablest gospeller of his day.

To Stillingfleet the King now turned hopefully in his difficulty. To the teasings of his familiars, and to the insistent pleadings of the admiral, Charles had grown fretful in this matter of William Penn in the Tower. He realized that the reverse of his plans had resulted from his treatment of the young Quaker who had, instead,

succeeded in wearying him. 'I can weary out their malice,' Penn had said. 'Neither great nor good things are attained without loss and hardship. He that would reap and not labour must faint in the wind.'

Charles thereupon sent Canon Stillingfleet to argue with him and convert him to a frame of mind that should admit a display of the Royal prerogative of mercy.

Stillingfleet visited the young prisoner frequently, experienced his great sanity of mind, and was impressed with his honesty. Penn, too, was delighted with the Canon's talk and gained much enlightenment on religious matters from him. Hepworth Dixon says that with nothing but an open Bible Penn contested every inch of ground with one who had a perfect library of the Fathers and the Councils in his memory. The Canon wanted him to yield 'so far that Charles could set him free as an act of Royal grace.' Penn wanted to confront his enemies in a Court of Justice.

'Tell the King,' he desired of the churchman, 'that the Tower is the worst argument in the world. Whoever is in the wrong, those who use force in religion can never be in the right.'

Stillingfleet told it to the King.

From their conversations Penn learned that it was said of him that he denied Christ's divinity. Promptly he applied himself to writing a refutation of the unjust slander. As promptly Charles seized upon the pamphlet, *Innocency with her open face,* declared that it, with Stillingfleet's

reports, satisfied him, and released its author from prison.

Penn returned home to find his father prostrated by illness and again under the Court's shadow. But father and son became reconciled; and with new hopes of influencing his son against his 'fanatical-mindedness' the admiral sent him to Cork to look after his estates at Shangarry Castle.

'If you are ordained to be another cross to me,' he said sadly, 'God's will be done. I shall arm myself the best I can against it.'

On the day of his arrival in Cork Penn went instantly to the jail, which was filled with Quaker prisoners undergoing confinement for their faith. He delivered to them in the prison yard an enheartening address, then proceeded to Dublin to petition the Duke of Ormonde on their behalf. His endeavours succeeded and, a few months later, the Duke signed an order for the release of every person held in the prison for their opinion's sake. In this first bold intervention for religious justice William Penn commenced what may be regarded as the work and great purpose of his life—his unresting fight to secure toleration for all men's faith, and a charitable and reasonable assent to their views of religious nonconformity.

Ten months later, on receiving news of his father's ill-heath, he returned to England, but first—and to the admiral's instructions—tried to find a purchaser of their Irish property.

In England, then, Roman Catholicism and

Puritanism were challenging more openly for the right of Liberty of Conscience and Free Worship; and the Conventicle Act was passed for the protection of the Established Church. Penn and the Friends threw themselves energetically into the struggle and flagrantly ignored the clause in the Act which decreed it to be seditious and against the laws of the land for more than five persons—exclusive of the family—to meet together for religious worship, other than for that worship that accorded to the national religion. Fines and imprisonment were incurred by disobedience of this clause, with transportation as the ultimate sentence.

On Sunday, August 14, 1670, the Quakers went as usual to a meeting held at their Meeting House in White Hart Court in Gracechurch Street, and found it held against them by soldiers. Penn was present, and unhesitatingly took off his hat and fell to preaching. He was smartly and roughly prevented from proceeding, and arrested. Along with him was taken an old soldier of Cromwell's, one William Mead. Their demand to be shown the warrant for their arrest was answered with a warrant signed by Sir Samuel Starling, the Lord Mayor of London. They were then hurried away to the Mayor and committed to a sponging house in Newgate Market to await trial.

On September 1 they were placed in the dock of the Old Bailey, and a trial opened that amazes and agitates present-day sense of justice with its arrogant shamelessness and brutal flaunting of

insolent authority. They had defied an Act, but it was an atrocious Act. Manfully Penn fought his own case, and not so much on behalf of liberty of conscience as for an Englishman's rights and the established liberties of the common people. He pleaded 'not guilty' to the charge, to compel his attackers to prove him guilty. And both he and the old Cromwellian, Mead—who was now a draper in the City—refused legal assistance, but stripped to fight in their own defence.

Before Sir Thomas Howell, who was Recorder of London, and nine City Justices, Penn and Mead were arraigned on a charge of unlawfully assembling a tumultuous crowd to the disturbance of the peace of the Lord the King. That 'to the great disturbance and terror of the King's liege subjects, and in ill-example, Penn and Mead had increased the concourse with speaking and preaching to the people there.'

From the opening of the case against them it was revealed with amazing flagrancy that the sword of justice was to be edged with the poison of prejudice. But, fortunately for English justice that day, was to be revealed also that twelve honestly 'good and true men' made up the jury.

The indictment charged Penn with being an agitator and a man of strife. Therefore he pleaded 'not guilty' to it.

On September 2 the Court proceeded to convince him, and to stigmatize him before the world, that he was an arrant rogue, a villain, an impudent canting knave. As the prisoners entered the Court an officer removed their hats.

Instantly Sir Samuel Starling ordered the head-gears to be replaced on their heads; and as promptly the Recorder fined them for their lack of respect to the Court for wearing their hats there.

The Jury were sworn, and evidence of the prisoners' default, and their arrest, taken of Lieutenant Cook and Constable Read. A third witness, whose name was not given, added unfriendly evidence against Penn.

'We confess ourselves so far from recanting or declining to vindicate the assembling of ourselves to preach, to pray, or worship God,' said Penn, 'that we declare to all the world we believe it to be our indispensable duty to meet incessantly on so good an account; nor shall all the powers on earth be able to prevent us.'

'You are not here for worshipping God, but for breaking the laws,' said a justice.

To which Penn replied that he had broken no law and was guiltless of the charge laid against him. And he desired to be informed as to the law which they declared he had broken.

''Tis the Common law,' said Howell.

'Where is that Common law?' asked Penn.

'Think you I am able to sum up so many years, and over so many adjudged cases which we call the Common law, to satisfy your curiosity?' asked Howell.

'If it be common it should not be so very hard to produce,' replied Penn.

'Plead to your indictment,' he was ordered peremptorily.

'Shall I plead to an indictment that has no foundation in law?' protested Penn.

'You are a saucy fellow,' stormed the Recorder. 'Speak to the indictment.'

'It is my place to speak to matter of law,' persisted Penn. 'I am arraigned a prisoner. My liberty, which is next to life itself, is concerned. You are many mouths against me. 'Tis hard if I must not make the best case I can. Unless you show me and the people the law you ground your indictment upon I shall take it for granted your proceedings are merely arbitrary.'

'The question is,' said Howell, 'are you guilty of this indictment?'

'The question is,' replied Penn, 'whether the indictment be legal.'

'You are a very troublesome fellow,' said Howell.

'I have asked but one question, and you have not answered me,' said Penn, 'though the rights and privileges of every Englishman are concerned in it.'

'If I should suffer you to ask questions till to-morrow morning you would never be the wiser,' flamed Howell.

'That would depend upon the answer,' said Penn.

Thereupon they put him at the back of the Court where he could not be seen, nor see. Yet his voice continued to lift against them, pleading on behalf of the fundamental laws of the land.

William Mead proved as stout a fighter for his liberties, and a boon companion to Penn. He

said of their indictment that it was a bundle of lies. He was a man of peace and feared only the living God; and he asked of them an oyer of the law on which the indictment was based.

He turned to the Jury and, since the Justices would not explain what constituted an unlawful assembly and a riot, declared he would give it them from Coke. With a mocking courtesy Howell doffed his hat and bowed to him, and thanked him for teaching him what was the law.

'Thou mayest put on thy hat,' said the old puritan soldier. 'I have no fee to give thee.'

'You deserve to have your tongue cut out,' cried Sir Samuel Starling.

Thereupon he, too, was put out of sight at the back of the Court, and the Recorder addressed the Jury.

Penn protested against these proceedings from the bale dock at the back of the Court and against the irregularity of their action.

'Pull that fellow down,' cried Howell angrily. 'Take him to the Hole.'

And into the Hole at Newgate—the foulest prison in England—Penn and Mead were straightway flung.

But the next feature in this astounding trial was that the Jury disagreed, and immediately exposed themselves to a coarse flow of insult and invective from the Bench. They were threatened with loss of liberty, of food, drink, light, tobacco, unless they should bring in a verdict of guilty. Their leader, Edward Bushell, was told that he was a knave, and should be

marked. Sir Samuel Starling sternly threatened to 'cut his throat' as soon as he could.

Yet to this injustice the twelve good men and true brought in their verdict of 'not guilty.' When the fresh avalanche of abuse overflowed them Penn—who, with Mead, had been brought back into Court—cried out in protest. Starling instantly called the jailer to stop his mouth, and stake him to the ground with fetters.

'I care not for your fetters. Do your will,' replied Penn.

Howell deplored that the practices of the Spanish Inquisition were not instituted in England.

'You shall bring in another verdict or else starve,' he bullied the Jury. 'I will have you carted about the City.'

Already the Jury had starved thirty hours. Nevertheless through another day they were locked up without food and water. Being racked with pain they could not sleep. Their room was foul. Some of them began to fall into delirium. Some feared that they must surrender or die. Yet they held on, and continued the fight. And the verdict they returned still was 'Not guilty.'

The outcome of the savage farce was that Penn and Mead were fined for contempt of Court—and refused to pay the fines. Thereupon, with the twelve Jurymen, they were flung into Newgate and kept there a few days, at the end of which spell it was told them that a person 'unknown' had paid their fines and they were free to depart.

CHAPTER VI

CHALFONT

WITHIN a few days of Penn's return to his home at Wanstead the admiral, his father, passed away, and he became inheritor of estates producing an income of £1,500 a year and the right to money due to his father that had been left to the Government. The admiral's last thoughts were for his son; for he foresaw nothing other than a life of persecution for the boy from powerful enemies. And desiring to alter it for him, he commended him humbly to the kind offices of the King and the Duke of York.

Penn did not reject the recommendation, but he knew well how fragile must be a bond between the Royal brothers and himself in religion. He walked in the great darkness that was largely created by them but with a good lantern, that of the Inward Light. God, the Living Spirit within him, gave him strength, provided him with light, and supported his heart. George Fox and Thomas Loe had revealed to him the well-spring of ceaseless strength that rills within the being of every mortal. It was in fact the foundation of Fox's creed and teaching —the 'inner light' that burns unfailingly within every man and woman, and that makes of all mankind creatures of supreme worth and creatures for love and peace, not for hatred and warrings.

'I know God by revelation,' said Fox. 'Spiritual truth must be within the realm of personal experience. It is capable of self-demonstration.'

While men were groping in the convoluting layers of darkness representing different religious creeds, crying blindly for some demonstration of God's being and existence, the Friends were at peace in mind and heart declaring that God was already revealed within all men, would they but turn their eyes inwardly and see Him—in the Inner Light and consciousness of Him.

The unjust procedure so flagrantly adopted at his trial emphasized to Penn the fact that freedom of conscience, and toleration of religious creeds other than that of the established church, must be striven for with all the strength of his heart and mind. The King's hedonism, the Duke's papistry, the Bishops' antagonisms, must be combated, he saw—not only to secure freedom of worship for the Friends but for every other religious sect.

'These Quakers are rude, unmannerly people. They hold dangerous principles. They are immodest and shameful.' Thus said a Buckinghamshire Justice of the Peace of the time, expressing the very worst to be thought of, and excusing the imprisonments and brandings inflicted upon the sect.

In the part of the county where this Justice officiated men had gone happily to their death for their faith; and in Penn's days there were fervent men there still, labouring for the gospel,

and who were prepared to seal their labours and their demand for free worship with a like sacrifice.

That triangle of beautiful hill and dale pasture country might well be described as a Poet's Corner, for therein blind Milton, Waller, Gray, and Churchill have sung to its inspiring tranquillity. But, with even stronger reason, it might be regarded as hallowed Martyrs' country. It had produced the Lollards and their 'Ploughman's Prayer'—that not-yet-even successful manifesto against wars, capital punishment, 'steeple houses,' and all 'unnecessary arts.' On the hillside above Amersham in Henry VII's reign the 'godly and great company called the Justfast Men' witnessed one of their number, William Tylsworth, burned to death. Fifty inhabitants of Amersham suffered death, or branding with hot irons, within a few years of his martyrdom, until the year 1532, when Thomas Hardy was burned at the stake at Chesham and the flames of cruelty died out with the blackening of his embers.

Archbishop Laud suspended the rector of Chalfont St. Giles for refusing to read the Book of Sports. John Hampden, that gentleman in Christ, opposed the Ship money tax there; and a host of landed gentry in those parts laboured to shield the fluttering flame of Puritanism.

Throughout the length of this 'hallowed land' and in a peaceful trough between pasture meads and fruit orchards, steals the cranking little Misbourne stream. There are few spots so near

to London where peace and charm of beauty linger so obstinately as along the valley course of the Misbourne. To the poet it still sings bucolic melodies, to the student still speaks of its honoured martyrs. To the mind of an imaginative dreamer the solemnly clothed, earnest figures of Quakers and Baptist folk of the Stuart days may still be pictured trudging through the narrow chalky lanes to their Meeting Houses in defiance of the Conventicle Act. George Fox, meditating or conversing with the Penningtons at Peter Chalfont Grange, Penn riding his nag in from Wycombe, where he had journeyed to plead to the Duke of Buckingham for toleration or to dispute with a cleric, Thomas Ellwood, declaiming his own verses as he rides through lanes submerged in woods carpetted with bluebells to attend a meeting at the little Jordans in its dell, Burroughs the 'hooded rider,' old Salter and his daughter from Hedgerley Dean, Thomas Zachary a physician from Beaconsfield, Doctor John Rance and Jeremiah Steevens riding together on the one horse from Wycombe, and James Naylor, the fanatic enthusiast. And Naylor's ghost, were it to be imagined, will be scarred and seamed with brandings and lashings —Naylor who, when he rode to Bristol from Exeter Jail, was followed by bareheaded men and women exclaiming 'the everlasting Son, the Prince of Peace, and fairest among ten thousand.'

Isaac Pennington's 'Grange' is now an hotel; the valley road threads innumerable small modern villas and cheap bungalows; but the

meandering little Misbourne still sings to those who will listen and, to those who imagine, sings perhaps the verses of Thomas Ellwood and repeats echoes of the grave trudging steps and the horses' iron of those devout Friends of William Penn's company.

Looking across the valley from his house on Hunger Hill Thomas Ellwood may have been induced to make his immature yet sweet verses since they are of a kind that only such a tranquility could inspire.

> Oh, that mine eyes might closèd be
> To what concerns me not to see;
> That deafness might possess mine ear
> To what concerns me not to hear;
> That truth my tongue might always tie
> From ever speaking foolishly;
> That no vain thought might ever rest,
> Or be conceived within my breast;
> That by each deed, and word, and thought
> Glory may to my God be brought.

It appears a reasonable doubt whether—and contrary to local tradition—William Penn first met Guli Springett, who became his first wife, at the Grange at Chalfont St. Peter. It may be that when he and she first met—and in doing so destroyed a very pretty love idyll existing between her and Tom Ellwood—the Pennington family was broken up and scattered as a consequence of Isaac Pennington being imprisoned in Aylesbury Jail. When that painful event befell the house was sequestered. But, however it may have been, somewhere within that hallowed, small landscape they certainly met and discovered their love.

Gulielma Maria Posthuma Springett was the daughter of an active participant for the Parliament against the King, who died almost impoverished at the age of twenty-three. His widow married Isaac Pennington of Chalfont St. Peter, who was a son of the great Republican statesman and Lieutenant of the Tower of London. In 1658 the Penningtons went into residence at the Grange and immediately opened the house for the Friends' meetings. George Fox visited and attended meetings there.

Gulielma went there at the age of sixteen, and her sweetness and refinement assisted largely in creating the house's air of reposeful tranquillity. She became the pupil of Thomas Ellwood, and with him often journeyed to Chalfont St. Giles to delight with talk and music the blind poet, John Milton, in his cottage-refuge from the plague that was ravaging London.

It is clear that the equally godly and refined heart of William Penn was captured immediately by her. She returned his love, strengthening him and perfuming the bleak and stony road he was destined to walk. He instantly became her devoted suitor; visiting her often, thinking of her always, until he gained her consent to become his wife.

Nowhere at that time was persecution of the Friends being carried on with more relentlessness than in the Chalfont and Jordan country. Their chief protagonist there was Sir Thomas Clayton, a J.P. living at the house named 'The Vache' at Chalfont St. Giles, a house occupied

by him after it was confiscated from the Parliamentarian Fleetwoods. Clayton appears to have watched their every movement and even permitted a diabolical espionage upon them and a trepan to operate against them. On one occasion troopers stamped into the holy atmosphere of the Grange and swept the simple and godly folk off to a justice at Denham—who, however, discharged them. On another, a Quaker funeral was proceeding through the streets of Amersham when it was ambushed from the yard of the 'Griffin' inn, the coffin overturned, and the body spilled upon the road, and all the mourners arrested. The names of Poulter—John for the King—Richard Aris, Ralph Lacey—known as 'Red Head' and 'Cowstealer'—should be for ever remembered there for their parts in the shabby work, as much as are Claverhouse in the North and Jeffreys in the South West.

Nevertheless, the ardent and indomitable godliness of the Quakers did not weaken. They continued to hold their meetings in secret, and bore imprisonment cheerfully. Now they met for worship at Salter's cottage at Hedgerley, now at Rance's in Wycombe, again at Stone Dean or Bottrells Farm at Chalfont St. Giles; and when the watching eyes of Justice Clayton fell upon them they neither faltered nor shrank from his spiteful action.

It was but natural that in those dangerous days Penn should long to be with Guli always. And, after fulfilling a gospelling mission to Germany and Holland in 1671 and 1672, he returned

to her and preparations for their marriage were begun. The marriage was performed in the spring of 1672, and after it they went to their first home at Basing House, Rickmansworth.

Mr. Summers, in his delightful *Memories,* gives interesting particulars of the marriage between William Penn and Guli Springett. 'From the monthly Meeting book 7th of the 12th month (February 7, 1672, new style) William Penn of Walthamstow in the County of Essex and Gulielma Maria Springett, of Tilers End Green, in the parish of Penn, in the County of Bucks., proposed their intention of taking each other in marriage. Whereupon it was referred to Thomas Zachary and Thomas Ellwood to inquire into the clearness of their proceedings, and give account to the next Meeting.'

'A month later (March 6, 1672) Consent and approbation of Friends was obtained thereunto.'

The marriage followed in due course on April 1. Then 'they took each other in marriage at Chorley Wood, at a farm-house called "King's" where Friends Meetings were then kept.'

A week before their wedding the King had issued the Declaration of Indulgence, which permitted non-conformists to conduct meetings and worship under certain conditions. The Friends of Chalfont were thereby encouraged to look hopefully forward to the speedy return to them of Isaac Pennington out of the jail at Aylesbury.

CHAPTER VII

DREAMS OF THE NEW WORLD

BEHIND the tall, surrounding walls of Basing House, where Penn had carried his wife, lived a soothing peace. As if he had closed a door between their love and the jangling outer word he surrendered himself up to the thinking of pleasant thoughts and to dreaming happy dreams. For his near neighbours there he had the old Duke of Bedford and his son Lord William Russell at Chenies, and the gay young Duke of Monmouth at Moor Park; while his friends at the Chalfonts and Jordans were but six miles distant from him.

He had long given his mind to studying the Roman Catholic question, and he now issued a pamphlet *Caveat Against Popery,* refuting the dogmas of the Roman Church and revealing the difference between Catholic and Catholicism. His attack on the creed as being contrary to the Scriptures and to common reason, and antagonistic to human liberty and conscience, enraged the Fathers of the Church. Yet he pleaded, too, and that earnestly, for toleration for their doctrine—and for toleration of all creeds—and in that he startled all religionists. Men remembered how when, a while before, he was on trial again before the City Aldermen,

Robinson and Starling, he had proclaimed, 'Thy religion persecutes, mine forgives.'

But his life's work of securing common toleration had been well begun before those days of quiet peace at Rickmansworth. In Newgate for six months for refusing to take the oath he had written many a pamphlet whose arguments were beyond refutation. But in that happy, though brief, retirement at Rickmansworth, and to the enheartening love of Guli, his pen was scarce ever put aside. Except for short spells when he went into the shires—and Guli along with him—to preach the gospel of peace, or to debate with Richard Baxter or Thomas Hicks, his pen was tirelessly writing pamphlet after pamphlet.

In those years, too, his brother Richard died, and he inherited his fortune. Also, in those years the House of Commons disputed the right of the King to issue declarations of Liberty of Conscience without the Parliament's consent. Their challenge resulted in Charles tearing up his Declaration—a surrender which illumined the streets of London with bonfires. As Hepworth Dixon says, 'every one seemed glad that liberty of conscience was withdrawn.'

Another matter that befell during those first years of Penn's married life, and befell as a consequence of the tearing up of the Declaration, was his visit to Court. For five years Penn had absented himself from Court and the Royal Presence. He now returned there to plead for assistance for George Fox who was lying a

prisoner in Worcester Castle. Hearing that he was come the Duke of York hastened to greet him, his ward, and pressed him to come oftener that he might honour aright the duties of guardianship towards him. And therein lay the seed of Penn's later unpopularity with the people, which produced the unjust and insufficiently considered slanders written against him by Lord Macaulay.

A purer seed than this weedy poison was, however, being sown at that time, in the tranquil Quaker homestead at Rickmansworth; a seed that Penn nurtured and tended untiringly till it quickened and grew to healthy strength. From it came up the great and strong tree that is Pennsylvania.

In Germany and Holland he had beheld ship after ship, filled with sad yet hopeful pilgrims, putting out to seek a new land where they might worship God undisturbed and unthreatened. His mind returned to these Puritan venturers often at Rickmansworth, picturing them dreaming visions, seeing them reach the long-desired haven of security. He beheld their happiness there, and turned his glances back to behold the agony of unhappiness out of which they had escaped. So, with persecution again let loose in England, his own mind went exploring for some such promising land where his own afflicted brethren might live in peace and happiness and openly with God.

The Utopean dreams of More, Harrington, and Sydney that had impressed him while at

Oxford, and had intrigued his thought ever since, now demanded of him a more serious and thorough examination. In time of religious persecution, he observed, emigration from the Mother country increased; and the revoking of the Act of Indulgence led to the departure of ship-loads of sad but expectant sufferers for the States of the New World, where greater freedom was promised them as inducement. Those States were at the King's disposal, either by gift or sale; and Charles had enriched many of his Court friends with large tracts of the rich un-valued land, some even before English troops had wrested the territories from the Dutch.

One such tract, named New Jersey (after Sir George Cartaret, a man of Jersey island) attracted many of the Puritans to settle in it. A few Quakers ventured out there, and made it their home. But disputes began to arise about privileges and rents; till an owner, Earl Berkeley, despairing of ever adjusting the differences of opinion, sold his share. The Quakers purchased the share for £1,000, but the buyers quarrelled about it, and the matter was brought to Penn for settlement.

Penn was delighted with the prospect of a haven in the New World where he might test the religious democracy of his dreams. Entitling it 'The Holy Experiment,' he prevailed upon Fenwick, one of the Quaker buyers, to continue in it and to sail with all his family and a company of Friends to inhabit the province. No sooner was Fenwick gone than the

second buyer, Billings, failed, and Penn was appointed one of the trustees of his estate. From that sad yet fortunate happening he no longer regarded the State in the New World from a money-making point of view. He saw in it, instead, a promise of the fulfilment of his early dreams, a Salem of holy peace, a land where godly men might live in holy tranquillity with one another. The lessons of Sydney, the writings of Locke, were never out of his thoughts. And now he was prepared to lay the foundation-stone of a perfect colony such as they had pre-visioned and he desired.

To end the territorial disputes which disturbed the province it was halved, and the Quakers accepted a portion to be known as West New Jersey. Immediately the trustees sub-divided their property into 100 lots, of which they sold ninety to settlers and settled the claims of Billings' creditors with the proceeds. The remaining ten lots were made over to Fenwick in settlement of his claims. A Constitution was evolved and established which made every man free, and granted him power to elect Commissioners, unless he were a criminal. The Law was to be left to the Office of a Jury, and Judges to be elected who should sit for two years only. The cost of education of orphan children was to be the States'. And no man was to be imprisoned for debt. Herein lay the spirit moving Penn's 'Holy Experiment,' a spirit, he believed, to make glorification for the claims of all religious men.

Guli bore him a son while these dear matters to him were shaping, and they named the boy Springett after the Parliament leader, her father. And soon afterwards Penn purchased a lordly estate on the Sussex Downs at Worminghurst and removed there.

It must have been a painful wrench for him and Guli to leave the Chalfont country and the friends there who had suffered affliction with them for their faith. But near him at Worminghurst lived Sydney, whom he loved. There he devoted his mental energies to consummating the plans for a Free State in the New World.

Although so far distant from London, we are told, he was followed by the besieging applicants for plots of territory in the new State; and as soon as a purchaser had secured his deeds he sailed to possess his property. Penn himself organized the details of emigration. He hired the *Kent* under one Gregory Marlow, to carry out the Commissioners and tenants, filling her with some 230 folk. A few hours before she sailed out of Thames river the King visited her in his barge and wished them all God-speed and left his blessing upon their venture. From Yorkshire there followed a second ship, and again from London a third, till some 600 people in all arrived safely in the New World and entered into possession there. Under a sail cloth in the Burlington forest they assembled for their first public worship.

The Indians, finding that they came to purchase and not to confiscate, gave them welcome.

'You are our brothers,' said the Chiefs, 'and we will live like brothers with you.'

Beyond giving the promise the Sachem chiefs kept the peace so that the promise progressed into real brotherhood. Letters reached Penn to give him great happiness, assuring him of the success of his 'Holy Experiment.' Hepworth Dixon says, 'He had realized the State which Sydney had conceived and of which Harrington had dreamed.'

In the year 1677, with George Fox, Barclay, and Keith, Penn took ship at Harwich, and crossed to Holland. By sympathetic understanding of the ship's master, who was an old friend of Admiral Penn, they held a conventicle on the deck when out at sea. And they arrived among societies which Penn had himself inaugurated and at a timely hour. Persecution and bickering among themselves were troubling these converts, so they received him joyously. From every town, as he approached, came forth the converts to greet him. He held meetings, judged their quarrels and settled difficulties, enlightened the dark and unsure corners in the creed, encouraged them in their weakness. From nobles of the Court to the peasant in the fields and the fisher folk on the shores he discovered that the converts to Quakerism had been culled, both in the towns and villages of Holland and on the Rhine, and to reach them with encouragement he travelled the length of both countries.

In one town only was he rebuffed—at Mulheim—where his refusal to doff his hat to

the Graf angered that noble so much that Penn and his followers were driven away and left benighted in the midst of a dense and trackless wood.

But he returned to England rejoicing. The seed he had planted was producing green shoots. He had beheld the tears of holy ecstasy in a princess, and had witnessed her failure to speak to him, so full of happiness was her heart. He had heard from a peasant girl that she longed for persecution for her faith. He had heard of a beautiful young countess holding to her love of God's word in defiance of her furious father. He had observed the readiness of the people to be told of the wonderful New World being prepared beyond the seas.

And when, reaching Harwich again, his friends Fox and Barclay would wait for a 'luxurious waggon,' carpetted with straw, in which to continue their journey, he instead chose the nearest horse on which to hasten home to Guli and his son. And, as he rode onward, his thoughts were occupied with praise and gratitude to God for His goodness.

CHAPTER VIII

COURT—AND AN ELECTION

PENN had experienced the Law's unjustness and the Church's uncharitableness. He was now to witness the deceit of the Court, and the shamelessness of contemporary politics—under a King whose delight lay in selfish pleasure-seeking, whose vision was limited by the circle of ladies and flippant wits of his court, who gave small heed to the condition of his subjects or the condition of the streets, and who ignored the duty of 'Watch and Ward.' All these offices, spiritual and worldly, were lightly exercised by Charles. And so deplorable was the state of the policing of the streets that 'Watch and Ward' was spoken of as 'Shiver and Shake,' because of the aged and almost infirm men who performed the duties of the Watch.

And Charles had supported Arlington in his spiteful antagonism against Penn. He had closed his eyes, too, to the similar lawlessness of Pastor Vincent, when that cleric published—without the Bishop's consent, which had been Penn's default—a pamphlet attacking Penn and the Quakers. He had torn up the Declaration, which was a good and just order, to the first challenge. He was shortly to be revealed for a Papist in disguise, and a pensioner of Louis of

of France—for Louis's ends, not for England's. And at the time of Penn's return to Court he was permitting suspicions to take root in the land that should produce rumours to slander and injure honest and good men.

Penn went frequently to Court during the two years that followed on his return from Holland and Germany. He mingled there, in friendly wise, with men of every sect and of every shade of political opinion. The Duke of York's graciousness ensured for him more than a nod from noblemen and statesmen, and protected him from the frigid coldness, and open insult, to which he had grown accustomed.

With some gentlemen there he was friendly already—especially with Algernon Sydney, the Republican, and Henry Sydney, who was a King's man and an ambitious weakling. The House of Sydney was a house divided with enmity; but, while nurturing an affection for Henry, the younger brother, Penn loved Algernon and learned from him with the willingness of a pupil.

The lasciviousness, and the irresponsible state of the Stuart Court, bred at last in the neglected people many suspicions that arose suddenly and evolved rapidly. Till, as it were, a space was cleared in the midst of the fog and doubt and an insistent tongue was heard calling aloud, and the stooping figure of Chaplain Titus Oates was observed declaring that England was being threatened by traitors and that the traitors were Papists. Every charge that fits in with suspicion

makes the suspicion convincing to a jealous mind; and Oates' story of a plot against King, Church, and Country, was readily believed, not only by the populace, but by the Protestants at Court. A very likely story it was indeed. He vowed that the Protestant Church was in dire danger; that a rising of Roman Catholics, organized with wonderful ability by Jesuits, was imminent. He reported that he had read papers that had been entrusted to him by Spanish and French Jesuit priests, and so he had discovered the plot. The King was marked down to be killed, he said; the Prince of Orange—even the Duke of York, who was a Catholic—also. Every true Protestant was to be killed. An army was in readiness to cross from France to Ireland, and the country was to pass into the possession of the Jesuits.

Suspecting that a healthy Roman Catholicism was living beneath the surface of the Court's pretence, many a sober-minded and calm-living being believed his story. And when, presently, a magistrate, who had assisted largely in making public the 'plot,' was mysteriously assassinated, belief in Oates' report spread rapidly throughout the country.

Neither Penn nor Sydney was duped with it. Though it is certain that Penn pre-visioned a greater persecution to fall upon non-conforming sectarians as a result of it, and unless it were scotched and disproven. Anyhow, he threw himself earnestly into the fight on the side of the saner and more placid-minded party. And,

seeing the need for strengthening that party and its representatives in the House of Commons, he pressed upon Sydney the necessity for sending men to the Commons who would decline to be rattled with such hysterical news arriving at so vital and difficult a time. And he longed to have the 'plot' sifted and scattered.

Sydney's keenness was equally as sharp. He longed to strip the covering off the Royalist intrigues. Penn wanted only to reveal the hand of the Jesuits.

While Sydney sought for a seat in the Parliament Penn devoted his time to exhorting the 'Seekers'—as the Friends were commonly called—with his tongue and pen, not to be caught by the increasing rumours but to continue in their sober course and discharge their duties to God calmly.

Some very remarkable thoughts were penned by him in those dangerous days, thoughts that might be emblazoned in the Parliament House for the nation's good and in the mind of every unselfish lover of his country.

'If the people would be honestly governed, they must be honest themselves. Vice is the disease of which nations die. No just Government ever perished—no unjust Government ever long maintained its power. Virtue is the life of Society: all history proves it. But if immorality is the chief destroyer of nations, unwise policy is only a little less injurious than active vice.' His address to all Protestants on the moral side of the matter, from which the above is a quota-

tion, might well be read by all religionists of all times since.

A new Parliament was to be elected. Algernon Sydney was proposed for Guildford, and the writ issued; and Penn went into the conflict by his side. It was no small hazard taken by Penn, to support openly a man who was known to have fought for the Parliament forces in his youth and to be a staunch Republican still. Nevertheless, he accepted it, knowing that it might cost him his friends at Court and imperil the biggest part of his worldly fortune.

So, now he was to experience, as we have said, the shamelessness of Politicians when scrambling for foothold in the mire of Politics.

The first stroke aimed against Sydney's hopes came from the Court, where all powers were put out to oppose his candidature. A Colonel Delmahoy was deputed to stand against him as 'a King's man and friend.' Bribery and intimidation were freely resorted to and, with the one or the other, the Mayor and Recorder of the town were bought. Non-residents of the town were sought after to swell the votes of the King's man. Paupers were compelled to vote. Penn was advertised as being a Jesuit in disguise—and with Oates' story in their minds, very craftily—Sydney as a regicide.

On the day of the Election Penn spoke to the people from the hustings. 'Listen not to him,' cried the Recorder. 'He is a Jesuit.' And he forced a New Testament upon Penn and demanded that he should take the oath,

'In such places the offer of an oath is contrary to law,' said Penn.

Whereupon the Recorder called his supporters about him and pushed him from his place.

Sydney secured the votes after all. But the Recorder refused to sanction the poll, saying that he was not a freeman of the town.

It was a great blow to Penn's conscientious regard for his friends at Court. Delmahoy had been returned in the face of the elector's choice, and that to please an intriguing Court. He and Sydney deliberated long upon a course of protesting against it, and decided to send a petition on Sydney's behalf to the House of Commons. Meanwhile great and rapid developments of the Popish scare had flung the Whig party, under the leadership of Shaftesbury and Russell, to the top. Oates' story had caught hold of the public credence. The Duke of Monmouth had been banished; Danby was sent to the Tower; the Duke of York was banished the Realm. And, in the midst of the confusion, and while storm clouds were piling up, the King dissolved Parliament.

Promptly, Sydney decided to stand again; this time for Bramber, near to Penn's Sussex home, and where Penn believed he could gain for his friend's support the powerful Pelham family and their interest. Again, therefore, the two friends took the field together and worked in it zealously and unrestingly to secure the seat. Captain Goring, the Court candidate, feasted the 100 voters with cakes and ale. Parsons, the third

candidate, was a friend to Sydney rather than to Goring.

But crafty minds were again at work behind the Court candidate, and bethought, presently, of Henry Sydney and of the rivalry that existed between the two brothers. They knew the weakness of the younger brother, how that he was willing to surrender all for place. And when they approached him he readily consented to stand against his brother for the seat.

Penn realized their cunning instantly, though it was difficult to believe. He feared the effect of it to be to divert the interest of the Pelhams to the other side. The Court had already foreseen that more than probable eventuality.

And the result was that the voters divided. Henry and Algernon received an equal number of votes; but on a casting vote being called for Algernon scored. Penn was jubilant. He rejoiced that his friend had gained the seat. But then when the Houses met again, Court intrigue cancelled Algernon Sydney's return.

Penn was stunned with the shock of this act of dishonesty. Corruption in the Court and among the leaders of Society he had already recognized. Corruption even rotting the finer qualities of those whom he had been proud to hold in friendship, hurt him. And here, he perceived, was evidence of an even greater moral putrefaction. Here was brotherly love, brotherly ties and duties, infected with the age's disease. Was the country so base-founded? Then it was indeed sinking in a foul and immoral mire.

He returned to his home in great sadness of spirit. But arriving there he was warmed anew with Guli's sweet and beautiful love and great-heartedness. To its influence his faith in mankind revived. Nevertheless, he looked oftener across the sea and, from that moment, more hopefully with a conviction that only there in the New World should he find a soil and moral climate wherein his faith might be protected and might develop.

CHAPTER IX

THE BIRTH OF A PROVINCE

FROM the hopelessness of justice in England, from the inequalities of conditions for her people and the un-assisted ignorance of the majority, Penn's mind turned sadly but hopefully to visions of the New World and its glowing promise. Somewhere in that new and unspoiled land he would found a State, he dreamed, and a city of brotherly love.

He may, or may not, have heard of the fate that had overtaken an earlier company of Quakers who settled there in 1660. If he knew of this he refused to be alarmed or deterred by it. For he intended that his province should be territory not already possessed, such as that state of Massachussets had been in 1660—unclaimed land, and not ruled over by a harsh, bigotted puritan saint like their John Endicott. This John Endicott, to a mistaken zealousness, had mistrusted and misunderstood the little company of Quakers who had come out to settle in his territory. So much so that he had eventually hung sixty of them on Boston Common, and that at the very first opportunity.

Penn's Utopian democracy was to be an earthly paradise. In it none should be rich while others were poor; the people should not be divided in spirit, classes, or feelings. None should be ignorant, all should be learned. And

every man should enjoy a like respectful regard and all be alike equal.

His visionary questings led him to make a studious scrutiny of the land. Ere he entered into it he spied out the country. And he alighted at last upon the prospectful tract of hilly and wooded land that ran westward from the Delaware River. It was a quite-untended, primeval wilderness, with here and there the small hut of a lonely Swedish or Dutch settler. In all it was an expanse of some 47,000 square miles, and was roved over by the hunting Delaware Indians—by a tribe of them known as the Lenni Lenapé, who were much humbled by defeat at the hands of the powerful Iroquois of the North and, by those warriors, styled ' women.'

It was a bleak country, indeed, where winters were severe and tested a man's physical strength to the full. Because of this climatic barrier very few adventurers had been sufficiently hardy to settle in it. Its neighbours, Maryland, New York, and Virginia, offered more alluring prospects and were, at that time, well populated and flourishing states and ahum with industry. But Penn's province was to reveal itself equally deserving of men's daring and labour. Iron, anthracite, coal, salt springs, limestone, marble—such like mineral wealth lay hidden there, awaiting discovery. There were rivers and streams enough to fertilize the soil; woods of valuable timber; delicious fruits growing in wild profusion. While beasts of prey were scarce known there.

Hepworth Dixon observes that Penn had no intention to secure the province for purposes of gain. He desired only a land where his Holy Brotherhood might live safely and in peace; and this province on the Delaware appeared to realize his ideal. A few years before his eyes lit upon it a small party of Swedes had been sent out by Gustavus Adolphus to colonize it. They found there already a few scattered Dutch and, after the first antagonism had died out between them, the men of the two nations lived together amicably. The Swedes founded a small village where the Delaware and the Skuylkill rivers join, and named it Wicocoa. There they applied their energies to farming. Many of them did not possees house nor shed, but were content to live in caves in the river bank and in the ground.

In 1680 Penn petitioned the King for this apparently isolated tract of territory in lieu of the £16,000 which was owed by the Government to his father the admiral. Instantly opposition flamed against him, and especially against his project which, it was declared (as stated by him) appeared to all Royalists to be republican. They recalled the assistance given by him to Sydney. They alarmed the Duke of York by enlarging upon the right of proprietorship requested by Penn—for James claimed the right of levying taxes on all goods leaving or entering the ports of the province. But a still more anxious opponent was Lord Baltimore—the man denounced by Oates—whose estates bordered the tract for which Penn was petitioning. Baltimore had

many powerful friends, who now used every artifice to delay the granting to the Quaker of his petition, if not to defeating it utterly. Whereas Penn's few earnest friends in England counselled him to patience and to refrain from reiterating his purposes. In that wise a year passed.

It was Sunderland who fought out the battle at Court, and won it for him who was his friend. He presented to the King a new view of the matter, reminding Charles of the scheme's advantages as an alternative to paying the debt to Penn and granting the peerage promised to his father. The Quaker, he pointed out, was willing to inherit these miles of undeveloped waste land in place of a barony and £16,000. The King was gaining in making him the grant.

And Charles, with an ever-empty and hungry purse, decreed that consent should be given to Penn's application. Disputes with the agents of the Duke of York opened immediately regarding taxation of the pioneers, their imports and exports, and were concluded; disputes with Lord Baltimore regarding the boundaries of the two provinces which, unfortunately, was a matter left unsettled. Next the Church, through the Bishop of London, carried a clause in the grant to secure its own freedom in the new State; the Attorney General and the Chief Justice carried many others, such as the recognition of the authority of Parliament in all matters of commerce and trade, all Royal Privileges, and a supervision of the Colony's legislature.

Then, on February 24, 1681, the Charter was signed by the King, and Penn became proprietor of a tract of country as large as England.

'God hath given it me in the face of the world,' he said. 'He will make it, under His blessing, the seed of a nation.'

His wish to name the province New Wales was opposed by a Welshman and defeated. Thereupon, because of the magnificent forestry covering it, Penn entitled it Sylvania. It was the King who, on a sudden kindly thought, added to it the name of his dead Admiral 'Penn.' And as Pennsylvania it was styled in the Patent.

Busy days opened then at Worminghurst. With Algernon Sydney's valuable legal assistance Penn began and completed a rough draft of the Constitution for Pennsylvania. Meanwhile his cousin, Colonel Markham, sailed with the special purpose of taking over the province, advising the natives of Penn's early coming, and selecting a site near the Trenton Falls for a house.

In the preamble to the Constitution are some extraordinary and enlightening utterances, such as 'Government is of Divine origin. An outward law is necessary because men will not obey the inward light. The law was added on account of sin. They err who fancy that government has only to coerce the evil-doers; it has also to encourage the well-disposed, to shield virtue, to reward merit, to foster art, to promote learning.'

It is clear that Sydney's part in the construction of the Constitution is very considerable.

Penn deferred to him often, even assenting to his friend taking the document away to study in his home at Penshurst and to give approval to its parts before he would permit them to stand.

It is impossible to set down in this small book all the details of this frankly democratic Constitution. But examination of it will reveal the unselfish, as well as the godly minds of its architects. It secured for the dweller in Pennsylvania absolute freedom of thought, sacredness of person and property, popular control over all the powers of the State!

The enslaved and impatient condition of the world then is to be seen in the eagerness shown by men throughout Europe to participate in the happiness promised by Penn in his new State of Holy Brotherhood. From Holland and the Rhine, from Frankfort particularly, as well as from English towns such as Liverpool, Stroud, and Bristol, applications to be allowed to purchase acres in the province came in thick and fast. Penn particularly encouraged settlers who possessed skill in manufacturing, for in that craft he hoped to attain to financial success for his tenants. Yet he refused definitely to keep to himself any profitable right or monopoly as did the proprietors of neighbouring states. To one large Bristol Company whose objects pleased him he sold 20,000 acres for the producing of staple articles with which to trade; and with their departure to take possession of the property it may be said that the developing of Pennsylvania commenced.

CHAPTER X

DEPARTURE

IN the autumn of the year 1681 the ships began to put out for the Delaware River filled with happy emigrants. The *Amity* and *John Sarah* went from the Thames, the *Bristol Factor* from the River Avon. Protestants from the North of Ireland went to escape brutal trade laws and more brutal landlords; Protestants from the Rhine, at whose peace Louis of France was striking relentlessly. And right through that winter season, when hardened seamen hesitated to venture on the seas, the little high-pooped ships followed one another with their freights of long-suffering, earnest-souled men and women and children. Their faces were caught in the glamour of the New World, and they turned their backs for ever upon the mirk and foulness that was choking freedom in the Old.

Old folk, ailing folk, young folk, all undertook the adventure with as much enthusiasm as the youthful and hardy. And with as sincere a faith, too, in the success awaiting them at its end as was possessed by the natural adventurer. With their great faith in the goodness of God who had prepared the new lands of promise for their inheritance they feared not the perils

accompanying a sea journey in the worst months of the year. Neither did they mind the inconveniences of the packed ships, nor living in them among incommoding litter, with the ceaseless cries of bleating sheep always in their ears, the noise of fowl, the grunting of hogs. And when, one morning, it was seen that the *Amity* had lost her consort, the *John Sarah,* they were untroubled, believing that God's hand steered them all and would surely bring them alongside together in the Delaware.

Meanwhile Colonel Markham in Pennsylvania was making diligent and satisfactory progress. He had talked with the Indian Sachem chiefs and had surprised them with his honesty in buying the land from them on behalf of the proprietor who, he assured them, would come not with sword in hand but like a brother to trade with them, as he himself was trading with them, and as the proprietor would trade with his own white brethren. And having purchased the land of them Markham began assiduously to clear a piece of it for the erection of Penn's mansion, Pennsbury Manor.

On August 24, when the Duke of York formally surrendered his rights in the new State to Penn, and his rights in the small tract known as the Delaware State which gave Penn a seaboard for his province, everything was in readiness for the new and larger Holy Experiment. The road was clear for the forward march of the Utopian Democracy. Penn announced that in Pennsylvania neither soldier nor gun should be

permitted, that enmity between foes should be treated with courteous Justice and so a lasting confidence be created as the outcome of a wise policy. It should be a virtuous State, and its people literally free.

He himself was caught with the excitement of the speculation, and began to make plans for his own crossing to take formal possession and to inaugurate the offices for the starting of the State's functioning. Geographical knowledge of North America then was still vague, so Penn consented to send home from time to time his observations and discoveries. For that he was made a member of the newly-formed Royal Society. He also induced a printer of Leicester, William Bradford, to settle there with his press. One unfortunate happening befell while his mind was employed upon details of the work, and it delayed his journey considerably. It was the death of the merry and high-spirited Lady Penn, his mother who, when the Admiral turned his face from him had remained still his loving and constant helper.

He was anxiously impatient to go, if only to meet the Catholic proprietor of the neighbouring province, Lord Baltimore, and to discuss with him and settle the grievance that that nobleman was still writing angrily to the King about. Colonel Markham had endeavoured to reach an agreement with Baltimore, but had failed. The boundary between their two States, unfortunately left undefined in Penn's Charter, was destined to rankle dangerously for a long while.

At last he decided to sail in the *Welcome*, a 300-ton ship—and in those days a large ship—lying in the Downs. His wardrobe, stores, provisions, servants, along with many pieces of furniture and carved doors and frames intended for Pennsbury Manor, were carried aboard. Then, with a sense of the far length and unknown dangers of the journey, he took a farewell of his friends, and of Guli and his three children.

We are told that he made his arrangements as if he did not expect to return, though it may be that his thoroughness was but precautionary since the long journey to be made in the winter months could not be regarded without some qualms. But, whatever may have been his thoughts, his last words to Guli and his children certainly suggest that he believed he was leaving England for ever.

Guli he beseeched to use economy in her household, in all things but in the matter of educating the children.

'Let my children be husbandmen and housewives,' he desired of her.

And to his children he spoke seriously, too—to his sons Springett and William. William was a boy destined to revert to the restless type of his forefathers and to be an agonizing thorn in Penn's heart. To his daughter Lettie he turned with loving advice. And he reminded them all that the Government of Pennsylvania might devolve upon themselves, and that it behoved them to be mindful of it.

'I do charge you before the Lord God and His Holy Angels,' he said gravely, 'that you be lowly, diligent, and tender; fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let Justice have impartial course and the Law free passage. God sees you; therefore do your duty, and be sure ye see with your own eyes and hear with your own ears. Use no tricks, fly to no devices to cover or support injustice, cherish no informers for gain or revenge. Let your hearts be upright before God, trusting in Him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or to supplant you.'

And on September 1 in that year of 1681 he went aboard the *Welcome,* put out from Deal, and was gone.

The earlier ships, the *Amity, John Sarah,* and *Bristol Factor* had all preceded him safely. Although, arriving off Uplands, where the Swedish settlers gathered in a small rough-fashioned hamlet, the *Bristol Factor* had been caught during a night in solid ice and held there till the opening of spring. The Swedes had been lavish with their hospitality to the newcomers, and those whom they could not shelter in their huts they had generously given assistance to in making cave homes and underground lodges.

A general holiday was proclaimed in Uplands to honour the coming of Penn, whose reputation for good works had preceded him. He was their Governor, but more than Governor, he was their friend. By Dutch, Germans, Swedes, English, he was welcomed with acclamations. They

crowded the river bank to greet him as he came ashore, and followed him delightedly to the little Dutch meeting-house, where he addressed them. There, too, the Charter was read to them; and the Duke of York's agents gave him 'earth and water' in token of surrendering to him the rights in the province.

Profoundly impressed, and in silence, they listened to him; how that he was now to realize a dream that had been his since his youth—a dream of founding a free and holy State wherein the people should be rulers. He wished to exercise his own powers only for the general good of the province. Every man, said he, should share in his political power and live free in conscience.

Their reply was given swiftly and unanimously. It was a request that he would stay among them and reign over them in person.

CHAPTER XI

THE FIRST ASSEMBLY

PENN was then in his thirty-ninth year. He presented a clean and manly figure, and a personality to impress the settlers who, in stepping aside from the noisy and competitive throngs of the world, had returned to a preference for calm and simple thoughts and habits. He was tall and athletic, and inclining to a comfortable portliness. His expression was sweet and benevolent; his dress plain and neat. His habits were orderly and gentlemanly. Yet he was very alert, as was revealed in a habit when talking, of walking to and fro and making emphasis for important parts in his remarks by striking the floor or the ground with his cane. One lady who was captured by him on his arrival said that he was 'the handsomest, best-looking, lively gentleman she had ever seen.'

His conquest of the hardy, industrious settlers in Newcastle—who petitioned him to add their province to his own and include them in the benefits offered by the laws of Pennsylvania—was repeated at Uplands. To Uplands he came by the gorgeous water-way of the Delaware, and was there sheltered in the house of one, Wade, whose dwelling looked out upon the creek. Where he stepped ashore out of the boat is a spot of revered and loved ground to-day.

To record his gratitude to God for His providence in bringing him safely, and to commemorate his appreciation of the parts of one of his staunch companions, he re-named the settlement Chester after the town whence his friend came. Then, after a brief while spent in making new friends, he applied his mind assiduously to work. Idleness was repugnant to him always. Time was precious. In the introduction to his little book, *Fruits of Solitude*—a work that impressed Robert Louis Stevenson very deeply—he remarks, 'To come but once into the world and trifle away our true enjoyment of it, and of ourselves in it, is lamentable.' Trifling to Penn meant indulging in any other occupation or pastime than that of useful work. From the moment of man's creation, the purpose of his existence has been to labour honestly, healthily, happily. To see his true work and to do it. To develop, to advance, to improve. And seeing now, more clearly, his own God-ordained work in life, Penn eagerly and gratefully applied his spiritual and physical strength to do it.

Near to the house of his hospitable friend Wade was a rough, brick-built hut that was used by the Quakers as a meeting-house. It is not difficult to imagine the joy of the worshippers in their cheaply-improvised chapel, where neither the fear of a King's ignorance nor of vindictive anti-religionists could invade their peace. In this house, and at the first possible moment, Penn called them all to him, and so actually convened the State's first General Assembly. Nicholas

Moore, a lawyer from England, was chosen its first Speaker; and after Penn had addressed them and assured them all of his generosity and great faithfulness towards them, they fell to serious discussion and debate on provisional laws for the province and to drafting the frame of a Constitution. To the forty laws already provided by Penn they added twenty-one others, and then passed formally the Code.

These first-made laws of Pennsylvania provide not only an amazing challenge to the justice and charity practised in other countries at that time, but reveal Penn to have been a thinker who was at least a hundred years in advance of his days. More than a hundred years were to pass ere John Howard, Romilly, and Eden should effect similar reforms of prison life to those established by Penn and his simple-living settlers of Pennsylvania. The English penal laws were misliked by Penn. He would have but two crimes—murder and treason—punished with death. He would have every person who was imprisoned wrongly recompensed with double damages at the expense of the prosecution. He would have no miserable idleness in prisons, but that every prisoner's time of wretchedness should be mercifully filled, and usefully, with an occupation. Beyond these he made it law that all men should live free in conscience and serve God according to their own heart; that every child of twelve years, rich or poor, should be taught a skilfulness in some useful trade; that every Christian of twenty-one who was not

touched with crime, should be eligible to elect, and be elected, a member of the Colonial Parliament.

In less than a week the little Assembly in the Quaker's meeting-house had reviewed, discussed, and completed the Code. Then they all returned to their lands, their homes, and their cattle.

In reviewing the unselfish and charitable concessions of William Penn at this point it is not easy to understand the satirical observation passed upon him by another 'child of Philadelphia,' Benjamin Franklin, that 'Penn united the subtlety of the serpent with the innocence of the dove.' It is, of course, always possible to apply a mis-construction where the subject has been mis-read and not fully credited; and it is in that manner that Franklin's hasty and badly-weighed opinion of the founder of his own city may have been formed. It is possible even in this life for a man to be what he *seems* to be. Your worldly man, knowing only his own being, with its views and weaknesses, will find it impossible to accept a finer personality as being genuine. That William Penn was sincerely unselfish and Christian is proven by two truths: that the reforms made by him have since been adopted throughout the civilized world, and that he—of his unselfish and trusting nature only—left, purposely, holes in his own shield through which worldly and more selfish men have since stabbed at him. He could have, in those early days—and so able a man as he would have, had

he so desired—so set a barrier up before his rights that the people of Pennsylvania of later years could not have inflicted any of the sufferings upon him with which they ungratefully agonized his last years.

Franklin himself, whose autobiography may impress many a reader as a work not altogether free of self-glorification, must have been aware of the unfairness of his remark if he possessed a half of the ability to read character that he professed. He has himself written elsewhere that 'William Penn made substantial benefits to the settlers, and *his liberal and benevolent motives* in conferring them, and his enlightened views on the subject of legislation, *cannot be questioned.*' But, the truth is, Franklin's sense was jarred by the devout Quakers, especially by their opposition to making war—which is, in our own day an antagonism held by every Christian person, although in our own day, also, the man of the world who sees profit in warfare as in every other business still refuses to understand the view and to approve it.

The reforms advocated by Penn have been long permeating the conservatism of the world. The reflections cast by his Christian headlands have failed too long to show in the surging waters; the beams of light flung by his beacons are only now reaching us. Toleration for all religious creeds, education of the young, reform of the penal laws and of prison life, have now been accepted, and some established. Ere long, it may be prayed for, wars shall cease. Then,

at last, men shall be free, and not till then; and the name of William Penn and George Fox—apart from their being Quakers—will shine brighter in the history of England, and in the estimation of all men, will claim an attention alike to that now granted an able general, admiral, judge, or merchant.

Thus, with his own hand it may be said, Penn pulled the lever that started the province to work and called it to life. He visited neighbouring States, including East and West New Jersey, and met and talked with Lord Baltimore—yet could not fix finally the troublesome dividing line between their territories. Then, with Markham and Thomas Holme, a surveyor, he apportioned the land bought of the redskins into allotments and offered the lots for sale at fourpence an acre. Ten thousand acres he presented to the Duke of York, a thousand acres he reserved for the use of George Fox, and other portions he withheld for his own children.

CHAPTER XII

ONAS

PENN'S dealings with the redskins seemed then, in all probability, to onlookers, quixotic and hazardous. To put trust in the word of all men was Christianlike, but was it wise? And when the same implicit trust was placed in the seeming friendliness of savages, was it sane?

The Lenni Lenapé Indians at the time when Penn came to Pennsylvania and to them with his astounding offer of brotherhood, were savages who were enduring a period of vassalage under the conquering tribes known as the Five Nations. So old was the Lenapé race that they were regarded as the 'Original Men,' and were honoured by Indians with the style of 'Grandfathers.' During the old French war, when the Five Nations fought on the side of England, the Lenni Lenapé fought for France; but the time was to come when they should return the taunts of their redskin enemies and win to their old-time position of a terrifying eminence. In that day the Northern tribes would be ready to recall their gibes against them and to announce that they were again 'men.'

When Penn walked and talked with them they were opprobriously styled 'women,' and were

deprived of their guns and reduced to a childish passiveness. Thus they are described by historians as being in a cowed condition and very ready to accept Penn's unlooked-for fraternal offers humbly and appreciatively. Colonel Markham, when buying land of them, which he explained was already bestowed upon Penn by the Great King, opened the path to a harmonious relationship; and the treaty eventually made by Penn in person—made between a tribe of savage children of the wilderness who possessed not the wherewithal to fight, and a company of white folk whose religious tenets forbade them the use of arms—was never ratified with an oath, yet was held to, unchallenged at any time, and unbroken. Between the trusting, single-purposed settlers and the primitive savages the spoken word was sufficient.

The assurances given by Markham to the redskins were honestly fulfilled by Penn. He promised that not one acre of their land should be taken from them except with their consent to sell it; that his white children should not cheat them nor wrong them; and should a quarrel come between their young men, then an equal number of both 'families' should sit together and give judgement.

Thereupon the Sachem Chiefs had passed the wampun to Markham and laid hands upon their hearts.

'With Onas (Penn) and his children we will live in peace as long as the sun and moon endure,' said they.

It was a step well cut by Markham in the ascent to that splendid and ideal peace desired by Penn for his province. But Penn's natural prudence and good sense restrained him from cutting the second step hastily—which was the purchasing of their hunting-ground that was dear to them. With tact, prompted by his breadth of thought and long sight, he decided first upon winning their complete trust and friendship. To that end he went often amongst them, into their camps and villages, to sit and talk with them, to eat, to look on—and even to participate—in the sports of their young men. Always, he was careful to leave all his insignia and expressions of high authority behind him, and to appear among them as their brother and true friend.

After seven months he put forth proposals to Taminent, and the other chiefs, to purchase their grounds. Also he suggested holding a conference to confirm their first treaties and to establish a never-ending peace between them.

By that time the site for the city of Philadelphia had been chosen and its first shoots, as it were, were appearing above ground. Near it was a spot which had for years been used by the Indians for their meetings—a smaller Onondaga. They called it Sakimaxing, meaning a meeting place of kings. A 155-year-old elm-tree was prominent there; and it was about the aged trunk of this gigantic and lonely member of the great forest that the Indians squatted to conduct their serious pow-wows and to smoke

the calumet, the pipe of peace. To the redskins Sakimaxing was by its long-honoured usage, a sacred and hallowed place.

For the rivetting of the bond between them and Penn's settlers it was an ideal spot. Peace was its atmosphere, which was set up by a gorgeous profusion of natural, unspoiled beauty. The great forest of multi-generous trees spread out like a beautiful carpet of colour as far as eye could see; the magnificent, lively-running river; a curl or two of smoke from a settler's home; and the newly-cultivated shores of West New Jersey facing it. No picture can convey its full beauty and tranquillity, no poem express its grandeur—although artists and poets have often been drawn to make the attempt.

Penn, at the middle of the circle, was supported by his cousin Markham and his friend Pearson. His background was composed of Quakers solemnly apparelled, with German, and Dutch, and Swedish settlers—many of them still wearing the military uniforms worn in the old world. Also, to assist him that day, an interpreter was in attendance, one who was trusted by the Indians—Captain Cockle. The picturesque, diverse appearance made by the white men in their soiled and toil-tarnished dress was fittingly contrasted with the feathers and painted bodies of the Indians who advanced gravely behind their chief Taminent. In a silent and grave stateliness Taminent approached Penn and donned the awe-inspiring chaplet and horn, which act instantly made the spot and the

moment sacred to every redskin behind him. Then in crescent shape, and in order of rank, the warriors seated themselves on the ground behind Taminent and the conference opened.

Penn spoke to them of the Great Good Spirit who ruled over heaven and earth, and to whom all good souls went after life here. The Great Spirit, he said, knew every thought of every redskin and white man, and He knew that Penn and his children longed only for peace and friendship with the Indians. The Great Father of them all desired them to live together in peace and love, so that good only should be done from which all should gain and have happiness. He and his children did not fire guns nor wear swords: they asked but to meet their redskin brothers on the sun path of good faith and good will. They harmed none, they feared none. So he would read from a scroll the clauses of the Treaty and explain them.

They listened in patience to the wonderful clauses of the famous Treaty, and attempted no interruption till he ceased to read and placed the scroll on the ground before Taminent. 'Let both Christians and Indians tell of this day with its bond of friendship to their children,' he concluded. 'Then shall it grow stronger and stronger between them and be kept bright and clean without spot or rust.'

And then, for themselves, and for their children, the serious and earnest Sachem chiefs all received it from him and agreed on its proposals.

'No oaths, no mummeries, no seals,' were

used, says Hepworth Dixon. 'The Treaty was ratified on both sides with "Yes"—and, unlike treaties which are sworn and sealed, was kept.'

Since the dawn of discovery of the coast-line of the great American continent had ne'er been the like to this 'peaceful and amicable bond' of Penn's. Cortez had captured Mexico with his guns and knights. Pizarro repeated those methods south of the Isthmus. De Soto with his shining knights and priests had slashed his way through Georgia. Coronada with 300 at his back had cut a path from the Mexican Pacific to Kansas. In the islands of the West Indies Spaniards had killed and tortured and sent Indians into slavery at the mines. England's sea adventurers got full use out of their armaments: Hawkins, Drake, Cavendish, and Raleigh at Roanoke—though, while they had fought for conquest they did so oftener for booty. Las Casas, a Spanish bishop, offers perhaps the nearest parallel, in his fight for the emancipation of slaves, although he himself had been first an owner of slaves.

CHAPTER XIII

PHILADELPHIA

FOR the site of his capital city, which should be a city of brotherly love and a 'green country town,' Penn selected the tongue of land which allows the confluence of the Delaware and the Skuylkill Rivers. Known as Wicocoa Point, it was then being cultivated by a small party of Swedes; and from them Penn purchased it at their own figure. Then, with Holmes and Markham assisting him, he framed the city.

As in his religion, he would not tolerate in his town-planning any proposal likely to cramp and narrow his scheme. He designed with an eye to the health of his tenants, knowing how necessary are light and air to the mentality of man. His streets should be wide and straight, clean and beautiful. Trees should grow in them. Climbing plants should blossom and flourish on the trellis porches of the houses. Then, he would have the city neatly quartered and with a Public Square at its centre—a square of full ten acres. And in the middle of every one of its four quarters should be a similar Square in which the people might enjoy restful ease and recreation. Every street should be a tree-planted avenue; every house set in a garden.

By that time news of his colony and ideals

had travelled into every corner of the old world. Colonists began to appear in the Delaware, coming rapidly in ship after ship. As the spring of that year advanced some twenty-three emigrant ships ascended the river. They found the first house in Philadelphia completed and standing, with the sun flinging upon its front dancing shadows of the moving river. This was the Blue Anchor, designed to serve as tavern, exchange, post office, corn-market.

While their houses were making, and that with their own hands, the inflooding emigrants lived in the natural caves along the river banks. Not for long were they compelled to live thus. After a few months eighty dwellings were completed. At the end of a year a hundred stood ready for inhabitation. At the end of the second year 600. Excusable, therefore, was the pride expressed so frankly in Penn's letters to his friend Sunderland in England: 'I will show a province in seven years equal to her neighbours of forty years' planting.' It may be wondered whether he foresaw the magnitude of the city in the years beyond those forty years—in the eighteenth century, when it outstripped and kept the lead in a race against ever growing New York. Did his mind, so prone to dreaming and so capable of imagining the truths and facts of time to come, see Philadelphia as she stands to-day?

From the moment when the first timber and stone of the Blue Anchor were set in place the activity of masons and carpenters has not ceased

in Philadelphia. Not many years after Penn's industry began in that tract of wilderness that had been Wicocoa Point—and in Benjamin Franklin's lifetime—a Library looked out upon its streets, a Hospital, a University. Churches of all the sects—since his children should have free religious conscience—began to grow. Weeds as well as good grain began to grow there too. In the world, as it is, the wheat and tares grow together, 'until the harvest,' as he would say.

Painful memories of their life in the old world may easily have added an impetus and goodwill to the arduous labourings of his first settlers. The land on which they toiled was new and strange soil, as lonely as if out of reach from the world—a desolate wilderness. Yet, a few months of vigorous application of their strength and energies to the task—and that, too with the women and children happily and tirelessly helping them—and there were encouraging results to behold. Penn sent a report of progress to his English friends that men were already falling into their special callings there—to trade, to make, to farm, to fish. Goods, and still more emigrants, were arriving in the river almost weekly. And already good crops were being yielded by the soil.

An Englishman named Carpenter erected a quay on the river for the unlading and lading of ships; the first Mayor constructed a rope-walk; and the peculiar and ingenious minds of individual builders began to break from the

monotony of a city of small, square, wooden houses. They skilfully added gables to the roofs, shady verandahs and sunny balconies to sides and fronts. And they began to build of English bricks. And on this subject, before Penn had selected that spot for his city, when he and Holmes were surveying the virtues and qualities of many other localities, it was seen by them that the Wicocoa tract was not a swamp, and that it held valuable clay for the making of bricks, and quarries of good stone and white marble.

Before the red pines were cleared the printing press of Bradford was set up and, to Penn's earnest moral need, a small school opened by Enoch Flower. The school house or hut as it really was, was a two-storied building of cedar and pine logs. The subjects taught by Flower, and his charges for tuition, are given as follows: 'To learn to read, 4s. a quarter; to write, 6s.; boarding a scholar, to wit diet, lodging, washing and schooling, £10 the whole year.' One wonders where, in so limited a space, the pupils were lodged! The picturesque and pleasing simplicity of Enoch Flower's seminary are emphasized when contrasting it with the school established some six years later by Keith; and the meagre income earned by Flower in a comparison with the 'remuneration' granted to George Keith. Keith was allowed £50 a year, a residence for himself and family, and also to take to himself all the profits made by the fees his scholars paid for their education.

The story of Bradford's first printing is equally interesting. In the near States was no Press 'soever—in one or two such an 'instrument' was regarded as a danger, and was discountenanced. We are told that the first work done by him was an almanac for the ensuing year.

Penn completed the evidence of his amazing advanced thought and intelligence with the inauguration of a postal service—which office was very recent even in England and imperfect. To one, Henry Waldy, he granted the right to control a post, and to provide horses for folk going a journey. The postal charges varied in accordance with the distance the letter or package was to be transmitted. It left Philadelphia for Trenton Falls, Chester, Newcastle, Maryland, once in every week.

In this wise was fashioned the City of Philadelphia, and rarely has a wealthy community evolved so rapidly and surely from so small a beginning, even when so industriously laboured upon. The history of Philadelphia is the history of the United States of America; and to this day it has called alluringly to the oppressed and to the ambitious. Another remarkable fact is that the dwindling descendants of the Lenni Lenapé Indians who accepted Penn's assurances of lasting brotherhood, never forgot the bond made between them and the white men under the giant elm at Sakimaxing. Neither they nor the Quakers let down their end of it. For an illustration of their faithfulness to the bond there is the deplorable inci-

dent that occurred during the Paxton riots to record.

It fell out during the rising of the Indians under the great chief Pontiac, a friend of the French. The settlers on the frontiers of Pennsylvania were maddened by the attacks made upon them by the redskins and cried out against the intolerableness of their situation, caught there between the blood-thirsty savages and the inert and passive Quakers of Philadelphia who would not authorize the taking up of arms. Their discontent was expressed, openly and fiercely, by the men of Paxton who, to the approval of their pastor, formed themselves into a company of avenging rangers. Instantly their suspicions fell incorrectly upon a poor and very small village near Lancaster, where lived quietly the rapidly dying out descendants of the Indians whose forefathers had made the Pact of Peace with Penn. Parkman describes this small community of feeble redskins pathetically. 'They were reduced to twenty people,' he says, 'and inhabited a cluster of squalid cabins, and lived by beggary and the sale of brooms, baskets, and wooden ladles made by the women.' Locally they were regarded as being harmless vagabonds, and it is certain that they had no part 'soever in the wild and savage uprising against Englishmen designed by the Chief Pontiac.

In their craving for vengeance the men of Paxton gave no heed to their fewness or passiveness. And one snowy night they burst into the

camp, when there were but six Indians there, and mercilessly butchered the six. The Assembly at Philadelphia denounced the massacre; and the remaining members of the Indian family were taken away and sheltered in the jail at Lancaster. But the men of Paxton were not satisfied. They broke open the jail and fired haphazardly at the huddled redskins, men, women, and children, and left them brutally mangled, lying about on the stones of the yard. Afterwards it was declared that the Sheriff and the Coroner had themselves mingled with the rioters.

Instantly, clamorous protests arose from the Quakers in Philadelphia. Rewards were offered for the arrest of the murderers. But the men of Paxton neither concealed themselves nor ceased to boast of what they had done. They claimed that the Scriptures, in charging them to destroy the heathen, warranted their act.

Following upon this, vengeance was sought of the Christian Indians who were attached to the Moravian Missions. These unfortunates found themselves threatened by the tomahawks of their own race and the guns of the white men. And three months after the massacre of Conestoga rangers fell upon them and murdered many of them, men and women, while they slept. Ill-feeling towards them increased apace and, after the missionary in charge had removed them once or twice to safer localities they were—to the Quakers' wish—brought to Philadelphia. As they walked through the streets of the city they

were abused and threatened and frightened to a pathetically cowed condition like scared beasts. They were, however, lodged in huts on an island and the Quakers assisted them with every kindness and friendliness.

Thus far the Bond, so far as it applies to Quakers and Redskins, was honourably upheld.

From the rioters came the next move. They marched angrily upon the city. To their furious excitations the people there rallied round them and the streets became uproarious with a sea of angry and revengeful men firing guns and demanding their will of the Indians. The Quakers were foully abused, and were threatened with no small danger. The Paxton men published the following satirical verse against them to influence still further the opinion of the people:

Go on, good Christians, never spare
To give your Indians clothes to wear;
Send 'em good beef, and pork, and bread,
Guns, powder, flints, and store of lead,
To shoot your neighbours through the head;
Devoutly then, make affirmation,
You're friends to George and British Nation;
Encourage ev'ry friendly savage
To murder, burn, destroy, and ravage;
Fathers and mothers here maintain,
Whose sons add numbers to the slain,
Of Scotch and Irish let them kill
As many thousands as they will,
That you may lord it o'er the land,
And have the whole and sole command.

Meanwhile the Indians, remembering the love of their white brothers, believed themselves to be secure under the wing of Penn's City of Philadelphia. But the Assembly were alarmed

by the increasing hatred shown against them. They decided to send the fugitives on to New York. New York refused to admit them, and they were carried back with an escort of soldiers to Philadelphia. In the barracks there they were lodged, and instantly the Paxton men, now a multitude, marched upon Philadelphia. Promptly the Quakers prepared *to defend their Bond brothers, some even with guns in their hands.*

The Paxton men came on, demanded death of the Indians, trials of the Assembly—everything. The Quakers withstood them—and so saved the lives of the scared, trusting, and harmless redskins at the last. Still, for fear of the frontiersmen, and until peace was declared, the unfortunate Indians were kept confined to the barracks. Many of them died of diseases there. The few left, when they departed sadly back to the Moravian Missions on the Susquehanna, thanked the Governor and their brothers the Quakers for their care of them with tears streaming down their sad and haggard cheeks.

CHAPTER XIV

ADMINISTRATION

THE charity promised by Penn to his province was speedily remembered by the settlers, and exploited. His declaration that the people should rule themselves was, to them, the corner-stone in their Constitution. Their eagerness to seize upon it gave him great pain, although he concealed his distress from them.

He had designed the Assembly to consist of seventy-two members, to represent every district and every opinion; yet, when he convened the first meeting of that body in the new capital, less than the number for whom he had issued writs attended. Their explanations and reasons for disregarding his wish—made with some, but only temporary, diffidence—was accompanied with an appeal to him not to alter the Charter. His reply, sadly but unhesitatingly given, was that as they came with full powers they possessed the power to add to, or amend, the laws. That their early show of independence foreshadowed to his keen vision the unfair and hurtful treatment to be meted to him later, is very possible. He was in the position of many a charitable-minded man who has generously offered an opponent an opportunity to do a kindness yet sees his generosity regarded only as a weakness.

Under the first Speakership of Thomas Wynne the Assembly announced that the Government, as then constituted, restrained their freedom. They rejected the clause in it which reserved to the Governor the right to propose new laws. This they refused him, yet would consent to gratifying his right to veto the actions of the Assembly. They called for a Charter to be issued in the new capital city, and to be of a nature that should take from the Council the power to legislate and invest it in the Assembly.

Penn summoned his Council and requested of them their opinions and wish in the matter. They gave their consent to the proposed change; and to their desire, and uneasily, Penn granted it them.

On March 30, 1683, the new Charter was presented to him, and he appended his signature to it. In it the Council were reduced to eighteen, the Assembly to thirty-six members. All power was to be with the people. Should other and more promising propositions arise at any time the new Charter permitted the attaining of them. And, as is rightly said, whereas in neighbouring States the Governor was an autocratic dictator over his province, Penn, from that moment, possessed not even power 'to appoint a street sweeper or a parish constable.'

The members of the Assembly were certainly not incapable legislators, but they were regrettably ungrateful to the man who had brought them out of tribulation into a land of promise at the cost of great pain and loss to himself.

They were capable, alert, and eager. Before the Assembly adjourned and departed to their far-flung stations throughout the province, they had established Courts of Justice for every county and officers to administer it; had created 'Peace-makers,' whose office it was to prevent law suits by hearing and adjusting disputes; had convened an Orphans' Court for every county to give assistance to widows and orphans. They would also have levied imposts on goods imported and exported for the Governor's support, but Penn's opposition to taxation of any description restrained them.

Penn's next task was to attempt to define with Lord Baltimore the contentious boundary between their two States. The proprietor of Maryland was equally justified in his claim to the lands under dispute that was so loosely designed in their grants—grants which made it appear that they each had rights to possession of the same acres. Baltimore, of long custom as the supreme overlord of his province, was not one to fight a dispute with courtesy or patience. He had inherited the State from his father who had been a Secretary of State in James's reign but had been compelled to surrender that office because he was a Roman Catholic.

Penn and Baltimore met at Newcastle and plunged earnestly into the troublesome question. It was a hopeless discussion from the first, in which neither would fall back an inch. Thereupon Baltimore immediately dispatched to his friends at the English Court a complaining

account of the futile meeting, a step which disturbed Penn and, since it was done without a warning to him, roused his suspicions. He himself sat down and detailed his case, and sent it home to the Board of Trade; and in it protested against Baltimore's account as being not an accurate nor fair one.

To Colonel Markham he entrusted his Report for delivery in England, and gave him also a letter of introduction to the King, the Earl of Sunderland, and Henry Sydney. Baltimore's reply to this decided stroke was to take ship and himself cross to England—from which Penn perceived that the necessity must soon arise for his own departure from Pennsylvania.

The necessity was created by happenings in an entirely opposite and unsuspected quarter. Letters came to him brimming with black and painful news. He heard of calamities befalling his friends in England sufficient to fling a hardier spirit than his into despair. An avalanche of ill had fallen upon those dear to him and it stunned him.

His greatly-loved friend Algernon Sydney had gone to the executioner's block. Lord Shaftesbury had fled from the country, and Essex was in prison. Oxford had started his doctrinal campaign of passive obedience. And Guli, his dear, sweet wife, was seriously ill.

The remarkable career of the republican, Algernon Sydney, son of the Earl of Leicester, had ended at last with his death under the axe. Suspected, along with Essex and the other Whig

leaders, for complicity in the Rye House plot which—following on the failure of the 'Exclusion'—aimed, it was said, at the life of the King and the Duke of York, he had been sentenced by Judge Jeffreys and had paid the penalty. My Lord Essex had gone to the Tower and there, later, died by his own hand it is believed.

Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury, was a great personality in the reign of Charles II. From the instant when he seceded from the King's party and went over to the Parliament he had been a rebel. Protestants saw in him their leader. Jesuits saw in him their most active and dangerous enemy. He had lived his life on a rough sea, now as member of the Cabal ministry—then at the top of the wave—now as believer and abettor of the Oates' plot—which carried him down into the depths of the trough. After the Rye House plot, in which he was suspected, he fled to Holland, and died there two months later. The virtue to be remembered in Shaftesbury is that he supported and advocated toleration throughout his life.

These were matters all-sufficient to destroy Penn's peace of mind, and to impel him to return to England as soon as he could do so. But it was the dangerous illness of Guli that called him home. He lost not a moment before setting out, fretting to reduce the great sea space separating him from her. And he announced to the Council that he must depart from them at once.

Nevertheless, even in that great haste he was still not injudicious nor careless as to other

affairs of importance, in matters that were essential to the peace and well-being of his province. He invited the Indian chiefs to come to him and conduct a separate treaty of peace with his colony. He urged upon them to desist from the deadly fire water, and he forbade the sale of it to them. They promised him to live in peace and happiness with each other and to the will of the Great and Good Spirit.

It seems evident, however, that Penn was pre-visioning the hour of peril and agony that was to strike in the country and threaten the bond existing between his province and the redskins. In those last hours amongst them he desired to set up a coverlet over his loved city, to make of it a haven of safety for his people.

Ere the *Endeavour,* the ship which was to carry him back to England, had left her moorings, and while he was taking a farewell of his friends, he apostrophized his city in words that welled from his heart. He beseeched God to grant it strength to stand in the day of its trial, to make its children blessèd in Him, and to save its people by His power.

CHAPTER XV

IN ENGLAND

IMMEDIATELY after Penn's departure from Pennsylvania the agent of Lord Baltimore —who was then in England—and to the order of that nobleman, seized the land that was the subject of dispute between them.

Penn landed in England in ignorance of this high-handed action and, after passing a while with Guli and his friends, he proceeded on to Newmarket to secure justice of the King, who was there with the Duke of York. This was in the year 1684, when the reign of Charles Stuart was approaching its end. His reign had been like a roaring and devastating fire. Penn counted 15,000 ruined families, and ungenerously forgotten friends, since the restoration of the Stuart house. Four thousand of these sufferers had died in prison. In fairness to James, the Duke of York, it should be said that he had, on occasions when pity moved him, protested against this uncharitable and unkingly indifference.

When Penn returned to England that year there were still many simple, faithfully-religious people languishing in jail—in the Marshalsea, in Newgate, and the Gatehouse. He at once appealed to the King and the Duke of York for clemency to be shown the sufferers. But until

James ascended the throne in the following year his appeal was deftly and diplomatically dealt with. James privily confessed to him a matter that, ere long, was to inflame the country. He made it known to Penn that he himself was a Roman Catholic, and that he also desired liberty of conscience for the people; but, he added, it must rest with Parliament to establish that happy condition.

Unfortunately James was not satisfied eventually with so fair and equitable an apportionment of his favour and charity. History testifies that he made it clear to all men that he desired the suppression of the Protestants in England and the supremacy of the Roman Catholics. But for this recklessness the revolution of 1688 might not have had to be recorded.

He began his reign with a promising display of a just and well-balanced mind. He gave release to more than a thousand Quakers—with members of other non-conforming sects—and enjoined his lawyers not to continue to persecute with fine and imprisonment those whose only offence was a difference of religious opinion with the established views. The people, whose lives had been turned to bitterness by the callousness of Charles, saw in him their friend as well as their king.

In the matter under dispute between Lord Baltimore and Penn he revealed sagacious and unchallengeable judgement by dividing the territory. To Baltimore he gave the Eastern portion of the land, while he added the Western

to the Crown possessions temporarily until he could bestow it under new title to Penn.

But the Church party would have none of this broadminded clemency preferred by the Crown. They called for a hardening of the spirit, a tightening of the laws against all dissenters. And Penn, perceiving the greatness of the struggle they were invoking, thanked God that he was at home, on the field of conflict, to take his part in it. With enthusiasm he took up his stand. The King was his friend—nevertheless his work was hazardous in the extreme. He took apartments in Holland House at Kensington to be near the King, and brought Guli and his children out of the country to be with him. His influence at Court increased daily; until he became a person whose door it was unwise to pass by. He entertained largely, though most of his visitors were supplicants for his assistance. It is said that, on occasions, his leveés consisted of 200 persons.

Boldly and tirelessly he kept his place at the King's ear, pressing his claims, and pleading for toleration on behalf of some unfortunate who was under a cloud. Now it would be for placid and blameless John Locke the philosopher who had fallen from Court favour, now for remission of a preposterous fine inflicted upon a dissenter, now for Locke's friend Mr. Popple.

Meanwhile a suspicious and craftily-incited populace was growing in restlessness to the suspected and undesired actions of the King. Treason began to stir among them; invasion—

by Monmouth and Argyle—to threaten. Men instinctively fell into camps, into the old camps of Royalists and Roundheads. Fanatics in plenty still lived, to re-appear and lash and chafe the commoners to anger. They directed public attention to the King going to Mass in the Royal Chapel at Whitehall. They demanded observation of his refusal to relinquish Romanish practices. Yet, for all their complainings, their outbursts, their petitions, James kept obstinately on his chosen way, with a rebuke for them that he must show mercy to all men. Had it been but that!

And very soon his enemies beheld Penn's figure near his elbow. They immediately directed public attention to him there. 'As subtle as a serpent,' said Franklin years afterwards. He should have written instead, 'As charitable as his Master, Christ.' But it happens often, too often, that the disciple fails to observe the virtues he should revere in another.

Penn's position became rapidly more difficult as the true mind of the King was more glaringly and recklessly revealed. Toleration was not intended by James any more than it had been by his brother Charles—only a complete toleration of and freedom for the Roman Church. For his advisers he selected the most easily pliant noblemen; gave all power in the Courts of Law to Jeffreys; deposed Ormonde—who had given support to Charles and himself. He opened the doors of his chapel so that the people could behold him at Mass there. He wooed Papist

France. He had Titus Oates—for all the man's obvious falseness—flung down at the feet of Jeffreys and permitted him to suffer a punishment that was as monstrous as his crime had been. He dispensed with the Test Act, and deposed Halifax from his place as President of the Council.

The risings under Argyle and Monmouth did not check him, nor warn him even. He sought supreme right and power for the Crown, and therein gave signs that he was infected with the disease that destroyed the House of Stuart. Innocent school girls who had offered a banner to Monmouth were not too young for his vindictiveness. A hundred simple peasants under sentence for their part in that Duke's rising were granted to the Queen, that she might make money for her purse by selling them into slavery in the plantations.

It is not difficult to pardon the people for their readiness to pass censure upon all who walked and talked in close friendship with the King at that time. To them James was something in shape and nature of a ghoul. Penn's enemies knew this, and did not fail to secure every ounce of profit by it. They exhibited him as James's friend and supporter—not what he really was, one who held close by an evil that he might combat it at every step in its advance. They made it clear to James that their faith in him was dead; they made it clear, also, that in their opinion Penn was but a fawner and a man of deceit. Yet, when Cornish was sentenced for his

part in the Rye House plot, Penn pleaded to the King for him. When Elizabeth Gaunt, a noble and sweet woman, was charged with having sheltered fugitive rebels, Penn interceded for her. He stood by Cornish to the last; he was present when Elizabeth Gaunt died at Tyburn. In both victims he believed implicitly; and for the good name of both he continued to fight on even after their death. But the people believed him to be false, and his show of sympathy to be but a pretence. They called him Papist and Jesuit.

Their uncharitableness failed to make him bitter or to divert his energy from his work in life. He even solicited a pardon of the King for Aaron Smith, and the King met his 'interference'—as the Crown lawyers regarded it—with an outburst of fury. Smith was a Catholic.

From that moment many sober-minded and calm men began to look askance at Penn, and to suspect him of being at heart a Romanist. Tillotson warned him of a report that he was corresponding secretly with Rome. But when the antagonism against him began to flame, Tillotson, who was a fearlessly just man, could no longer hold his tongue. He declared that he was satisfied that there was no foundation for the outcry against Penn of Papist and Jesuit.

It can be imagined how gladly Penn would have welcomed permission then to leave England and return to the peace and happy industry of his province. But James wanted him, and

withheld him from going. He desired him to witness the establishing of freedom of religious conscience by the Parliament.

So he remained—only to be embroiled, for his honour's sake, in heated arguments and writings with leaders and directors of common thought. Bishop Burnett openly declared him a Papist, and hated him. Penn retorted coldly that the churchman was submerged in bigotry. And Burnett, maybe spitefully, allowed it to be gossiped that James had employed Penn in the mission to the Prince of Orange to secure that Prince's assent to a Declaration of Toleration. So the peacemaker and mediator became odious to the Church; and to dissenters even, for whom he was imperilling all. His friends feared to talk with him. He was an intimate friend of James, they said; therefore he was like to the King in his views. He was a supporter of arbitrary power.

Nevertheless, misjudged, hated, shunned, he kept manfully on his way to achieve the charitable end upon which he had set his eyes and hopes. He got possession of the King's ear again for a pardon of the political exiles in Holland. But in this matter James, who listened to him, was not willing to extend his gracious clemency. Penn reminded him that many among them had fled from religious persecution only. And to that James surrendered, and granted a pardon to those who were in exile for their faith but not to escape the law for some treasonable act.

The mission of the King's to the Prince of Orange failed, whereupon he immediately began to plan for an understanding with the Catholic King of France. It was the first unmistakeable sign of his madness, and it alarmed the prescience of Penn. Through his lawyers James attempted to suspend all the penal laws. To his Council he declared that it was the time to assert his Royal right. The Penal Law as it stood was useless and provocative, he said, and he would end it. Conscience was no man's right to compel. All classes of his people should possess that right of freedom of conscience that he himself enjoyed. And therein lay the spark that should smoulder and start the conflagration—'the freedom of conscience that he himself enjoyed.'

CHAPTER XVI

THE REVOLUTION

TO the charge brought against him of being a disguised Papist (and sufficiently proven, said his enemies, in his loyal attendance upon the King), Penn replied with an explanation of his purpose, which was to be good friend to all religionists and to the poor. Attendance at Whitehall, said he, was no more forbidden him than the rest of the world.

But with the King's Declaration of Toleration for all religious sects many timid attendants at Whitehall began to hold away from Court.

The madness of self-will that destroys and ruins had seized the obstinate monarch and mastered him. Its progress increased to a rapid impetus. Event followed event to infuriate the people. They beheld James careering along the closed road to Romanism and defiantly endeavouring to drag the resentful country behind him.

The sermons of the alarmed preachers to the Established Church against his obsession were forbidden by him; and when his injunction was ignored he enforced it through a new Court of Ecclesiastical Commission. One of the first victims of this Court was the Bishop of London,

whom it suspended from office. To oppose the growing perturbation and unrest of the people he formed a military camp on Hounslow Heath and officered it in the main with Romanists. He ordered his Declaration of Indulgence to be read in the churches, and when seven of the Bishops petitioned him against it he sent them to the Tower, charging them with having libelled him. With a view to influencing and leading the opinion of the younger generation he laboured to establish Romanists at the Universities. He declared it intolerable that the descendants of men who had founded and endowed those colleges with their worldly goods should not be allowed to enter them.

And in all his daring schemes the people imagined that they perceived the impress of the subtle 'arch-Quaker Penn.' Penn accepted a brief for the perturbed Oxford collegians, and laboured tirelessly to divert the King's shafts from them, though without avail—yet, to the incensed and obsessed minds of the people, his endeavours were still naught but a cunning disguise of his real self. He strove to check the madness of the King, to save the seven Bishops from arrest and imprisonment—to the suspicious people 'twas but subtlety. On the day when the young Prince of Wales was born, he waited upon the King with his congratulations and pressed the moment as most felicitous for the release of the Bishops, and the granting of a general pardon. But while the King debated with him the Protestant leaders were acting. They

invited William of Orange to come and release them all from an intolerable situation.

James replied by bringing the seven Bishops to the King's Bench to stand their trial. The Bench and Jury were packed with his pliant servitors and sycophantic supporters. The Bishops pleaded 'not guilty,' and the monstrous trial proceeded shamelessly to a verdict that turned all London into a fair of revellers. 'Not Guilty'! Even the soldiers at Hounslow received the news of their acquittal with cheers.

On November 1, 1688, the fleet of the Prince of Orange put out from Helvoetsluys before that wonderful 'Protestant' wind—a wind that carried the ships unchallenged down the English Channel, and when they passed their objective port immediately veered round and brought them back to it; a wind that blew strongly in the faces of Dartmouth's seamen, watching from an eastern port, and prevented his ships putting out to take up the pursuit.

James was alarmed at last. He made frantic and futile attempts to retrace his steps along the fatal road—then he fled. His supporters rapidly dispersed. Many of them passed into the service of the invader. But Penn remained, and that for all his friends' urgings to fly. He was almost the last of the Stuart King's supporters to stay in London, and was there still when William entered the city. In America he had a safe refuge he was reminded, whereas in England he must henceforth be a suspect and exposed to perpetual and dire danger.

The Lords of the Council managing the country in the interim summoned him to them, and he went. He met their attacks with his natural composure and frankness. James had been his friend, and the friend of his father, he told them; and though he no longer owed him allegiance he still held him in regard both as a man and a friend. Himself had done but what he was ready to give answer for to God, or man, or England.

The Councillors demanded of him security in the sum of £6,000 to appear and answer to any charges which might be laid against him. Then he departed from Kensington and returned to the peace of his home in Sussex.

Nevertheless he and his friends knew well that that peace would soon be invaded and broken. His trial was affixed for the following Easter term, by which time the uproar and agitation surging in the country had quieted. By that time folk were disposed rather to enjoy the peace that had fallen upon them all and to give their minds to happy living and to their interrupted occupations. Because of this change when Penn was stood before his judges no man appeared to confront him. Not even to fling at him the taunt of Papist. So he was freed and permitted to return to his home.

To William of Orange also there was a business that was far more dear than that of judging and punishing suspects. He loved, before everything else, military achievement, and hated Louis of France. He longed to succeed in

effecting a coalition of the Protestant powers of Europe to attack Louis and march on Paris. In his ambition Penn's prophetic intellect foresaw a greater shadow advancing in his sky, and over his peaceful colony across the sea. If France should be attacked at home her sons would surely rise in the New World. How then should his war-renouncing province act?

William of Orange secured the much-longed-for Act of Toleration, but it was immediately forgotten on his declaring war aganist France. With the passing of the one shadow a darker one advanced and gloomed Penn's spirit. From one dream of terror he passed into another.

From friends at Court he heard of the King's interest in the position of the new States of America, and knew that his greatest fight was opening. Possibly to the jealous direction of others William observed and declared the necessity for the maintenance of a solid front there against the Canadian French, and the need to coalesce all the New England States under the Crown. It is probable that his views were assisted with a recollection of the fact that none of those Colonies had been more than luke-warm for him and his accession. News of happenings there, betokening inconsistency of thought and bad organization, reached England frequently. While some men were cleaning their muskets and sharpening their blades to go out manfully against the French and their Indian allies others were shrinking from action and speaking opprobriously against war and the need for war.

Among the latter were the Quakers of Pennsylvania, who declined to make war, but would content themselves with mere futile and unmanly discussions with the enemy.

The Quakers would neither fight in defence of their territory and people nor agree to pay a war tax. William's temper flamed to their preposterous attitude. But in Pennsylvania were others than the peace-loving Quakers. There were stout old Cromwellians, Germans, Swedes, and Dutchmen, who certainly would not refuse arms and to fight in defence of their property. But to William these were not enough. The Quakers were an obstacle to his contentment; and, looking to the head of their column, he beheld Penn.

His eyes fell upon Penn at the moment when the Quaker was preparing to go out to the Colony with hopes of appeasing and controlling the warring conflict of opinions that were jarring its peace. But, again, a sudden death delayed his journey. Before it had been the death of his mother, now it was the death of his loved friend and leader, George Fox, that kept him. He attended the interment of the Founder of the Friends at Bunhill Fields, and returned home to find news awaiting him of William's ill-feeling and of the preparing of warrants for his arrest.

His patience was at last broken down by these frequent periodical interruptions of his life's work—these galling arrests and trials. He was longing for sight and scent of his province. And, for the first time, he took precautions to make

his arrest as difficult as possible for his detractors. He fell out of public sight and life. He stayed in London, although Guli was unwell and his son Springett ailing. And he stayed there confined to a house and passed the tedious hours in prayers for his wife, and in the writing of books.

CHAPTER XVII

COLONEL FLETCHER

ON March 10, 1692, an order in Council placed the Government of Pennsylvania in Commission. This was done of necessity, to join that State with those of New York, East and West Jersey, Connecticut, and Delaware under a single command for their better defence against the French and Iroquois Indians.

It is not known where Penn was living during those days, only that he fought alone against his many oppressions and perplexities. And that, too, while Guli's health was declining, and that of his son, Springett. His cross was heavy, and his reflections painful. His own purse had supplied the costs of his province's expenses, his timber had been sold to support it. The war had ruined his lands in Ireland, and Shangarry Castle was requestered. All the wonderful fortitude which his wearied spirit could invoke would seem insufficient to keep him upstanding before the avalanche of trouble. And now the King had taken from him the governance of his province. Nevertheless, there is ample proof of his faith in a watching and loving God, and that its radiance did not diminish. His faith shone as brilliantly, and shed its rays lavishly to guide the steps of less afflicted

souls. His writings in those days reveal evidence of it more than enough. 'God seeth in secret,' he wrote bravely and beautifully, 'and one day will reward openly.'

Among the works that flowed from his pen in those dark days of the spirit's test is *Some Fruits of Solitude*, a little book of reflections and maxims that has influenced the thought of many Christian readers since. What manner of man has he not addressed and approached with comfort in its pages, and who that has read it can declare that Penn was naught but a subtle pretender in his attitude and service to God?

Meanwhile the Governor of New York had been appointed 'overseer' and controller of all the States in the new Commission. He was one Colonel Fletcher, a coarse, bullying, un-learned soldier—a man from whom might be expected a preference of war to peace. Penn wrote to him earnestly to tread cautiously and softly on the soil that belonged to him as surely as the crown belonged to the King. He reminded him that his Charter was still unrecalled and that, should indifference on his part lead to the renunciation of the province's peace, then he, as he was an Englishman, would maintain his right. He also advised his friends in the province, and the Assembly, to practise patience and moderation since a man of Colonel Fletcher's kind would quickly be inflamed to anger.

Fletcher returned no reply to this appeal, and quickly threw the Assembly into a quandary in

which Penn's example of patience and moderation was very difficult to imitate. He began his reign in Pennsylvania with an attempt to seize all power and to destroy the existing laws. The Assembly rose in one mind to withstand and oppose him, and to their resentment, he flung at them his Commission under the Great Seal of England. They in turn flung down before him their Charter which also bore the Seal of England. And when he demanded supplies of them the Quaker inhabitants of Philadelphia gave him 'their good wishes' and naught else. His insistence upon having a subsidy drew from them a long list of grievances. They refused to surrender to him a single law—they refused him all.

Let him recognize their legislative rights and they would vote him—a penny in the pound, they said. And, on his consenting to this moiety, they seized upon it for an agreement giving them the right to purchase the power to institute Bills. That right they never afterwards permitted to be taken from them.

In anger, and with no small sense of being belittled by them, Fletcher reported their obstinacy to the King. The King hurled the charge angrily at Penn. The Attorney General was ordered to scrutinize Penn's Patent and to find flaws in it.

William's mind was set upon depriving Penn utterly of his province. And, but for the few friends he still had at Court, it is most probable that reasons for taking his State from him would

have been presented. But to the memorable honour of Trenchard, Henry Sydney, Somers, and Rochester, who were all very really distressed for him, the King was appealed to and beseeched to regard his case kindly. William, sourly and sharply retorted that Penn was an acquaintance of his also as well as of themselves, that he had nothing at all to speak against him, and that he might go about his business just as he pleased. In this reply of the King's Penn saw but an act of Royal grace. He asked for more. He requested a public hearing of his case, and a public acquittal. He succeeded in obtaining both—but was then called to defend himself before a Council held at Westminster.

This brought Guli and his son to him, to go side by side with him and remain with him, while he was still under a semi-cloud. They moved from house to house till they came to one at Hoddesdon. And there sweet Guli succumbed to her fatigue and weak health and passed away from him. In the beautiful country where she and Penn had first met, in the little green graveyard surrounded by guarding and histing trees, against the small red-brick Meeting House of Jordans, she was laid to rest. And even then—his son Springett, too, was dying.

Jordan's burial ground is indeed the 'Westminster Abbey' of the Friends; but when Guli was interred there the compact and solemn little red-brick Meeting House, whose windows look into the burial ground, was very new. The Meeting House which draws so many reverent

Americans and casual English visitors, was not erected until the year of King James's flight. Previous to that year the Quakers' meetings had been held at blind William Russell's farmstead which stands higher on the hill towards Chalfont St. Peter, and which was known, and still is, as Old Jordans Farm. When it was no longer unlawful for men to meet and worship according to their conscience—and it was desired by the devout Quakers of those parts to have a recognized Meeting House—Russell granted to them the land for its site. The son of Isaac Pennington, John, paid him the sum of £40 for it; and speedily the seemly little sanctuary was erected on a plot of ground described as Well Close. It consisted of one and a half acres and included a 'little dell,' also a corner known as Coarse Hurdles. The first meeting of Quakers held in it was on October 7, 1688; and, therefrom, they met often, and solemnly praised 'the All-Great, All-Good, All-Wise Disposer.'

Befitting to the silence of their meetings was the repose and tranquillity of the hill and dale country all about them. Perhaps the wind passing through the beech foliage, the fluting cadences of a blackbird or thrush; perhaps the slow passing steps of a rustic on the road, or the pattering of soft rain on leaves: but nothing more distracting than these could have been heard by them to disturb their holy thoughts. And these made but a melodious accompaniment to their minds' peace.

The Meeting House as it is seen to-day makes

no more display than this reverent one of simplicity and bareness. Its latticed windows, its white walls, and wooden seats, and the platform at one end, make up a presentation of the honest simplicity that was Quakerism in Penn's days and is the atmosphere desired by simple and devout Christians to-day. There is a large room downstairs and an interesting old fireplace, two bedrooms upstairs—one of which, by closing the shutters, was converted into a smaller meeting chamber for women. Stabling for twenty horses was provided at the back of the building.

The burial ground had been in the possession of the Quakers some seventeen years before the first stone of the Meeting House was laid. Yet only a few small headstones—and all set up long after the dead were interred—are to be seen there, and that although there are many Friends buried there. The name of Guli is still to be read on a stone against that of her husband—who, it is said, of all those laid to rest in the ground, lies with his head to the South. The stones are there, certainly, but, with the knowledge of their having been set up so long after the interments, a doubt may excusably arise in some as to whether they are correctly placed where William Penn and his wife Guli sleep.

CHAPTER XVIII

PENNSBURY

COLONEL FLETCHER'S provocative manner of forcing the King's decrees on the settlers was, no doubt, largely responsible for their restlessness and opposition, more so than were the decrees themselves. On every road they set obstacles in his way; until his complainings began to reach England and to fill Penn with sadness and forebodings.

Could he but go out to the province, Penn thought, he should succeed in soothing the dangerous agitation and perhaps prevent a worse injustice falling upon himself in the complete loss of his rights and his lands. For, although to a natural cautiousness the King had combined the far-flung States into one whole for the purpose of better defence, Penn was still the proprietor of the soil of Pennsylvania, and to him the province must revert as soon as the war ended.

Convinced that his influence with the settlers was still sufficiently powerful to effect their acquiescence in the temporary military Governorship of Fletcher he longed to go out to them. But he was without the means to do so. For the province he had already impoverished himself—while another cogent reason for his

remaining in England was the declining health of his son Springett.

Thereupon he renewed his efforts, through the mediatorship of Court friends, to regain his position in the province and to supplant the authority of the coarse-mannered and recklessly indiscreet Fletcher. King William was not then in England, so he forwarded his petition for restitution of his rights to the Queen; and she was so impressed with its obvious just claims that she placed it before the Council and the Crown lawyers. Penn agreed that Pennsylvania must be defended against attacks by the French and their allies the redskins. And along with that concession he pointed out that there were in Pennsylvania many sturdy and eager men who were not Quakers, and who were ready to bear arms. Also, his cousin Markham was an able soldier for command. He gave a promise that were his petition to be granted, and if he should fail to move the Assembly to prepare sufficient defence for Pennsylvania, he would surrender the direction of all affairs there to the King. And upon that understanding, on August 9, 1694, he was restored to the Governance of the State and the military commission was revoked.

It was a cheering success in those dark days, but Pennsylvania was still as far distant from him as before. Springett was certainly dying, and the poor boy was destined to keep his father by his side through a further two years to watch and nurse him unavailingly. But the cruellest blow

of all was Penn's realization that the men whom he had led out of persecution into peace and happiness, and for whom he had stripped his lands and emptied his purse, were no longer minded to remember his goodness and generosity and to make the smallest sacrifice for him.

He had applied to the wealthiest of them for a loan to enable him to go to them. Their lands, and the quit-rents on them, should be their security, he said. If they refused him this, he wrote, he knew not to whom to look for the means. And they refused it. They loved him much indeed, they replied, but they would not lend to him.

Six years passed before he again set foot on the soil of his province; and in those years Springett died. At the age of twenty-one the boy passed from him. In those years Penn married again. He had seen the need of his remaining children for the guiding hand and directing mind of a mother, and to gain that necessary example for them, and a companion and helper for himself, he married Hannah Callowhill of Bristol, a lady he had long highly esteemed. He gained her approval of his desires, and that they should live their remaining days at Pennsbury in Pennsylvania and leave England for ever.

Hannah, we are told, was an admirable wife for him—a firm manager of affairs and a woman of spirit. It is from a son of their issue, Thomas, that the present Penns are descended. Their other children were Dennis, Richard, John,

Margaret, and Hannah. The latter, however, died in infancy.

His wish to settle in Pennsylvania produced contestants in his family, which was not, perhaps, unreasonable, when the alarming news from the province are reviewed. A powerful party there was augmenting rapidly, and moving with great energy to seize from him all his remaining rights. An officer sent out by the Crown to supervise the revenue was a willing head of the spear that they were levelling at Penn's peace. This man, Colonel Quarry, was, if report be just, an honest and unbiased man, but maliciously minded in secret, and at heart something of a swashbuckler. Whether the description maligns him or does not, it is certain that the disloyal section of Penn's settlers welcomed him and his unfriendly and antagonistic manner towards the proprietor and his rights. He was unfortunately impelled to deliver many a speech that disturbed the peace of the province and the happiness of Penn.

Colonel Markham had given ample proof of his abilities in the post of Lieutenant-Governor in Penn's absence, and his display of wisdom and vigour had produced many a piece of satisfactory success. His successes, however, were galling to the selfish party of rebels who watched him askance and with jealousy; and in Colonel Quarry they found the instrument with which to obstruct his advance and to wreck his schemes.

Quarry opened action by collecting all the grievances that were floating on the top of the

boiling cauldron, as it were, and in including them artfully in his correspondence to the Board of Trade. He made friends among the leaders of the Opposition, and thus 'by his rank and office gave importance to the local discontent.'

Behind this willing target the settlers began a provocative and selfish campaign against Penn, their Feudal Lord, that has set an ineffaceable shadow upon the pages of the early history of Pennsylvania. Of his generosity he had surrendered to them many of his rights; now they stretched out their hands to seize those remaining to him. He had stood between them and the Crown, taking the shock of blows intended for them, but they refused him his dues and ignored his orders. They planned to nullify his authority. Some among them even deserted to his enemies and gave assistance to them in their plans to deprive him of his Grant. The government of Colonel Fletcher pained him, yet to Fletcher they paid the war tax demanded by him. Those of the Assembly who held loyally to him were attacked by Fletcher, who declared that he could not complete his work with such an Assembly.

Colonel Quarry designed to bring Penn down through his cousin Markham. His reports to the Board of Trade upon the revenues of the State were always accompanied with charges against Colonel Markham. Markham, he said. encouraged contraband traders, shielded pirates who put in at the river, released prisoners whom Quarry had charged. He refused, he added, to

pass the Act against pirates and smugglers, although Whitehall had ordered it to become law. He had sent one of the Commissioners to prison. His agents (and by that was meant Penn's agents) entered the King's stores by force and removed from them goods that had been taken from pirates and smugglers. When pirates were captured they were lodged like guests in the taverns, for the Quakers would not, on any acccount, commit them to jail.

The result of Markham's meddling, he concluded, had been to rouse the Council. They made an order that deprived the Deputy Governor of his powers.

On September 9, 1699, Penn left for Pennsylvania in the *Canterbury*. Hannah his wife went with him. William his son would not go—and of this lad, who incorporated in his nature many of the wild blemishes of the earlier, sea-roving Penns, volumes might be written. When, later, William did cross the Atlantic and come into the province, he conducted his life there so badly and viciously that he succeeded in breaking his father's heart.

In Pennsylvania Penn was given a rapturous welcome, and the settlers expressed an apparently genuine joy at his statement that he intended remaining among them. He visited his cousin Markham, held meetings in the Meeting House, then devoted his time to the straightening out of the Revenue and War-tax knots and the piracy entanglement.

He offered a hand in friendship to Quarry, and

promised him that piracy and smuggling should be suppressed. In a little while the bull-dog Quarry was his friend, and believing sincerely in him. His reports to the Board of Trade after that event were different from those he had sent before Penn's arrival.

Penn himself assured Whitehall that he was applying all his energies to the amending of the province's misdemeanours; and in return he was advised by them that the King and the Lords of Trade were satisfied with his efforts.

With this comforting assurance from England, and evidence of the real welcome of his own people, he prepared to make his home at Pennsbury Manor. With happy pride he conducted his wife and family there and exhibited to them the park, the gardens, and the wonderful furniture.

In the house the ladies found everything to give them happiness and delight as Penn found there the peace he longed for. The house was not discomfortingly large, and consisted of but two stories. It stood on a slight rise and fronted the Delaware River. It boasted a fine porch and a magnificent hall. Its doors and wainscots were made of oak that had been brought out from England. And we are told that 'its gardens were the wonder of the Colony.' A Scotch gardener had come out to train the garden and, to add to its beauty, this genius transplanted some of the most beautiful plants from the woods into its soil.

The furniture in its rooms must as surely have

caused wonder and perhaps envy; for we read of easy armchairs, and couches with plush and satin cushions. At every window the hangings were of satin, or camlet, or damask. A service of silver, one of blue and white china, one of Tonbridge ware, were in daily use.

The roads all about the house were still bad for travel, but Penn set up a coach and a light calash, though, oft-times, he was to be seen astride his colt Tamerlane.

During the length of the family's stay at Pennsbury they visited freely and entertained hospitably. There was none of that gloomy asceticism encouraged by them which uninformed minds associate, by sheer guess work, with Quakerism. It is said that the 'ladies dressed like gentlewomen, wore caps and buckles, silk gowns and golden ornaments.' Penn himself seems to have spent much money on new wigs.

All of which makes it clear that perhaps for the first time in his life he was experiencing happiness, without a foreboding, without a premonition of affliction, without a cloud threatening the blue of his sky.

CHAPTER XIX

HIS ENEMIES: THE ASSEMBLY

AT the meeting of the Assembly in April 1700 Penn was faced with the truth. His faith in the settlers was violently jarred, and he was compelled to realize that his gentle charity was to be exploited without compunction. An avaricious and self-seeking party was developing within his province, not only to threaten the peace of the province but to threaten his own personal rights in it. There cannot be any doubt that that April Assembly struck a blow at his heart from which he never recovered. The undreamed-of desire of 'his own people' for freedom from the necessary light restrictions set upon them in his own lawful right, and their determination to shackle him and to forget all that he had suffered for them, was quickly indicated to him.

So clear-visioned a mind as his could not fail to understand that, after all, his dream was proven to be quixotic, that his Holy Experiment was a failure. If he did fail to read their purpose, or perhaps declined to surrender his hopes of a greater charity of thought in them, his friend Logan made the truth clear to him soon afterwards in some such observation as this:

'There are few that think it any sin to haul

what they can from thee. Some are honest, but honest men let rogues have their own way, saying it is none of their business. Thou mayest trace their meanness to excess of freedom, for thou hast given them a better charter than they deserved.'

With the boldness of determined revolutionaries the Assembly flung their demands at him. They assumed the right to bring in Bills, to reorganize the legal and judicial system, to inspect the Government records, to displace at will the officers of his Courts.

Enlightenment upon the subject of Slavery had recently reached Penn in the doctrine being propagated by a few settlers from the Rhine that it was un-Christianlike to buy and hold slaves. He saw instantly the virtue of Christian thought at the base of their contention, and he readily accepted it. Thereupon he laid before the Assembly two Bills: one for the providing of better regulations of the marriages and morals of Negroes; the other for a systematic code of procedure in matters relating to their trial and punishment. The Assembly opposed him with an iron, unpliant will, and defeated his Bills. To that, and by way of making protest for the sake of mercy, he replied by liberating every slave, which he did in his will.

Quietly, tactfully, he attempted to soften the Assembly's hardness of spirit. He reminded them of the youthfulness of their province, yet of its amazing and fertile progress under the Providence of God. He granted that whereas

some of the early laws were no longer desirable, and some were even hurtful, others were very necessary and their maintenance should be looked to while new ones should be carefully fashioned. But he perceived, he said, that they were needing an amendment of their Charter. In that he was willing to acquiesce—only with a prayer to them to remove from their minds all party feeling and to labour together to achieve that which should be best for each and all. He concluded with a reminder that he had borne the expense and thought throughout the evil years and that his purse was empty. So he placed himself in their hands with an assurance that he desired only to stay and live among them till the end of his days.

At the end of the Session he returned sadly to Pennsbury, and there allowed himself no rest, but reviewed and strengthened the friendly bonds between the Province and the Indians. He found other tribes willing to participate in the happy peace that had fallen upon the Lenni Lenapé under his beneficent rule; and very readily and gladly he welcomed them and bonded with them. The redskins of the Potomac, of the Susquehannah, under their chief Connodaghtoh, the Shawnees under Wopatha, the Gawanese, all approached him and beseeched of him and his white brothers to smoke with them the pipe of peace. He assented gladly, and a peace treaty with them was made by his own method of mutual verbal agreement.

It was a great success for him and for England

since it established a new bulwark for the Province on all its frontiers. When the news of it reached England the King was delighted—but it stirred the jealousy of Penn's enemies among the lawyers there. Penn's report of the negotiations detailed the points of his success, and the Lords of Trade expressed openly their genuine satisfaction at every part of the treaty.

At the same time he opened up contact with the Governors of neighbouring Colonies, and convened a conference between them to discuss and settle many controversial matters—to join up many fraying ends of broken policy. At this conference the equalizing of their coinage was settled, a project for assisting their trade in the valuable timber proposed, the laws of marriage, a general Postal service, a comprehensive Act of Naturalization, and an understanding of boundary lines discussed and decided. And all this arduous and enthusiastic labour on his part received the congratulations of the King and the Lords of Trade. But—there were still in England many smouldering embers of enmity against him, and his successes now fanned those embers into flame.

The intriguings and ambitions of Louis XIV of France, as evinced in his refusal to maintain what is known as the Spanish Partition Treaties, and which culminated in the War of the Spanish Succession, incidentally revealed to Penn the shameless and mercenary spirit moving in his Assembly. The outbreak of war with France in Europe meant the sounding of many deafening

echoes in other corners of the world, and a particularly loud and long echo in the New World across the Atlantic. Penn's envious enemies in England were quick to direct the King's attention to the defenceless condition of his Quaker-administered State of Pennsylvania, and to urge upon him the need for immediately vesting all those private Colonies in the Crown, imperially. King William, it would appear, was not swayed to that view at once; but he informed Penn that the time was come when he must either put at least eighty armed soldiers in the field or make forfeit to the extent of £350. This disturbing demand was placed before the Assembly, who incontinently shrank from it. Very clearly they let Penn understand that, in their opinion, it was his affair. They declared they had not the means to provide the money, and they preferred to argue the alternative of providing fighters. But London was not in the mood to tolerate procrastination: the matter was urgent, and not to be dallied with. Reiterated news of the Crown's impatience reached Penn, and goaded him unfairly and relentlessly. He pressed the Assembly to come to a decision. They were impressed with his anxiety; also they were alarmed. They would not give assent to annexation by the Crown, they said; and he, and no one else must save them from it. Insolently they reminded him that his own interests, too, were in jeopardy and must be safeguarded. Yet they at once began a combined onslaught upon him for their own gain. They declared it their

view that he should cross to England and fight out their battle there—although they knew well enough that in such a fight he was foredoomed to defeat. Once again they claimed the right to make use of him for a shield before their own comfort.

At last, to their overwhelming importunities, he consented to return to England and lay their case before the King. Their expressions of gratitude were undoubtedly sincere, while they were fulsomely selfish. But his heart was heavy with sadness, for he had intended remaining and living his days at Pennsbury where he had everything to gratify his simple needs. Hannah his wife was in ill-health, and had recently given him a son. He wished to stay with her. But the Assembly, in their anxiety, were insistent, and he consented at last to bow to their wish. But, first, he urged upon them the need for changes to be made in the Constitution, to make it consonant with the new view of the Colonies as held by the Crown. He pointed out, also, that the province was at last sufficiently advanced to undertake self-government and to bear the cost of government. The latter suggestion the Assembly swiftly rejected. He next requested of them a grant to cover the expenses of his journey, as he had impoverished himself in their behalf. They refused it—with the result that he was compelled to sell timber off his own estate to meet the expenses. They were ready enough to express thanks for his care and thought of them, but they would not assist him

in his coming struggle against the Crown in any way, not even by granting the subsidy demanded by the King nor by amending their laws. Instead, ere he departed, they threw at him a score of demands for new powers that could not but whittle away his own and impoverish him still further. From his charity they secured a new Charter whereby they might eat into, and usurp, many of his own rights and those of his Council.

His wife and daughter Lettie were delighted with the prospect of returning to England. But to Penn it was a retreat and an overwhelming sorrow.

At the age of fifty-eight he was called upon to wage a combat that might easily prove to be the fiercest and most exacting of his life; to fight it single-handed, and that while the people for whom he fought were goading him from behind. His own people were fretful for his immediate departure; and they watched his ship leave the river with gestures that betokened their relief. But not so did the simple Indians behave. Onas was a more beloved name in Pennsylvania than the title of Governor. From every near and distant tract of the province the redskins came hurrying in to take their leave of him. Their eyes shed mournful tears, their heads bowed low before him, they could not speak. They knew intuitively that he would never again cross the great salt sea, and walk amongst them. He was leaving them to the impatient, unfeeling hearts of the white men who were settling happily in his and their lands, men who would not try to under-

stand him nor them, men who would ill-use their squaws and destroy their young men with the deadly fire-water.

His parting gifts they received sadly, and hugged them to their hearts. Those baubles, and their memory of him, were all that they should thenceforth possess of their beloved brother and friend, Onas.

CHAPTER XX

HIS ENEMIES: HIS SON

AN enemy to Penn's peace equally wilful and selfish was then appearing in his own family. His son William was preferring companions whose character was opposite to those whom Penn approved. William loved the vicious pleasures of life rather than to reflect upon and strive to secure the bliss of the life to come. While it may be said that Penn's character was a sapling from the parent tree of the monk of Glastonbury, who is the first to be traced of his line, William his son was a reflection of the boisterous-living, sea-roving Penns—only in the boy many additional vices were added.

On arriving in England Penn was met with the painful news of his son's immoral life, and from it a darker cloud of trouble immediately appeared to overcast his last years. The boy had surrendered to every tempting vice prevailing in that age of worldliness. He drank excessively, passed his hours in company with alluring and undesirable women, plunged headlong into debt; and in all permitted a perversion of moral character without a struggle.

To Penn he was sweet Guli's son, and from that moment it is certain that realization of the

boy's fall dominated his thoughts. Also William was his heir, and to him would pass in due time the governance of Pennsylvania.

He was debating how best to combat the evil that mastered his son when the King died and Anne ascended the throne. Anne's accession dispersed one black cloud in his sky. She was his friend, and was not willing to proceed with the Bill of Annexation of the Colonies. Thereupon Penn gave all his thought, and put forth all his strength, to the saving of his son. To effect it he talked gravely with the boy and, proposed to pay all his debts if he would in return go out to Pennsylvania and prepare himself there with serious study for the position of Governor of the Province. To William's honour it is said that he stood ashamed before his father. He even consented to make the voyage.

Penn made him a gift of an estate of 7,000 acres in the Province, and called it Williamstadt; and he passed him over into the care of Deputy-Governor Evans and to the guidance of the Council. To his friends in the Council he wrote feelingly that the boy must be handled with 'much wisdom.' But it was to his thoughtful friend, Logan, that Penn looked in all probability for most assistance.

For formality's sake, no doubt, he had deemed it necessary to interest Governor Evans in his son's welfare. Evans' character must have been well known to him, that he was a rake and worldly-minded, and would walk arm in arm with the rebellious being that lived in the boy. And

thus it was that the friendship shaped. All the good inculcated in William by Logan was marred by Evans. With Logan the boy passed a time of great happiness, in shooting, fishing, hunting —till Evans threw him into the sparkle and ribaldry of a false life and completely captured him. Together they shared, in a very quick time, a bad notoriety and brought upon themselves an amount of discredit that could only damage and hurt the hopeful Quaker father in England, and while the father was praying and eagerly awaiting news of the success of his schemes for his wayward son.

The information Penn received from his friends from time to time prepared him for the great sadness that was sweeping nearer and nearer. The stage for his last years was set for tragedy, the climax was near. All the worst features of Stuart free-living and obscenity were revealing themselves in his son, and that while he walked and talked among the quiet and devout community of Philadelphia. Nightly gatherings of the young spirits of the town, in low ale-houses such as the White Hart, were disturbing and agitating the Quaker section. Young men were parading the streets in female attire, young girls dressing in male garments. The watch were being frequently attacked by them, and beaten and abased. Law, decency, and morality were being flouted and defied—and it was his son, Guli's son, who was inspiring the shameful riot against the holy peace of his province!

There came a night when the revels turned to a tumultuous and wild riot. A watch was very badly beaten, and the guard was turned out to make arrests of the drunken rioters. Governor Evans who was, as usual, a participant in the frolic, succeeded in escaping. William was caught and set next morning before the Mayor of the City. The reprimand he was given only amused him and stirred his insolence. He was a gentleman, he said, and not responsible to the officials of his father. Then Governor Evans issued a proclamation erasing the trial from the Court records. And when the Quakers made protest and complaint against this, the boy turned angrily upon them. Fiercely he answered them that for his part he would have nothing to do with their jurisdiction, nor their doctrine.

Penn, in England, suffered an almost unbearable grief that could not be assuaged, and an agony of mind that made his worst torture. With a broken heart he recalled the boy home to him, and learned from him how deeply in debt he was again. He learned, too, that he had disposed of his Williamstadt estate which had been his own gift to him.

So, instead of Pennsylvania reforming the boy's character, he had planted weeds in its soil. The Quakers confessed to Penn that they saw the boy's departure from their shores with joy, to which Penn—of his natural love of him and of Guli's memory—replied that they had not handled him discreetly, that they should have remembered his youth and dealt with him

accordingly. Their censure only convinced him of their harshness to the boy. But he was not told of the parting threat hurled by William at the earnest settlers, how that he would induce his father to sell the Colony to the Crown.

In the young William Penn is to be seen one of those perplexing 'throw-back' reversions to type that provide so great an interest to students of human character. It seems amazing that from an alliance of two such holy and temperate beings as sweet Guli Springett and William Penn a character so devastatingly opposite as their son's could possibly be created. Rather such a character should be regarded as a re-creation, for in him was a combination of a score of distressing faults of nature revived mysteriously from preceding and long-dead members of his house. And so surely were those faults embedded in his nature, so certainly were they parts in its structure, that removal of them was impossible. To that conclusion—in an agony of soul—must William Penn the father have been led at last. The trend of the boy's life was hopelessly apparent to him, and the misery of its end not impossible to foresee.

Fortunately, Penn was spared actual knowledge of the final course run by the boy. Back in England again, where gay companions swarmed about him and life was effervescent and sparkling, young William broke free of every guiding and withholding rein, and ran amok. The Kentish estates left him by Guli he sold, and squandered the proceeds. He began to make

fewer appearances in his father's house, and he maintained his renunciation of Quakerism doggedly and defiantly. He married, and was blessed with a family of two boys and a girl; but even those homely bonds could not check his stampede. He passed into the army, tired of it, and came out again. He made one effort to secure a seat in Parliament, but was defeated by the bribes of his opponent. Then he deserted his wife and children, and sank, it is said, into the foulest depths to 'seek the lowest dregs of pleasure and dissipation in the cities of Continental Europe.' England did not see him again. News filtered through to his people of his life in a squalid French town where he lived in obscurity, morally and physically ruined.

CHAPTER XXI

HIS ENEMIES: THE FORDS, AND OTHERS

THE conclusion arrived at from examination of the relationship between Penn and his agent, Philip Ford, is that Ford was an unscrupulous rogue, and his widow and son unprincipled swindlers. Their cleverly complicated tricks with his accounts are too involved to be detailed in this small volume. But they were very nearly crowned with success. The Fords' diabolical cruelty was the more effective because it was released against the little peace remaining to an aged and tired man, Penn being then sixty-five years of age.

Some reference to it must be made even in the briefest sketch of his life because it undoubtedly assisted, collaterally with other challenges, to hasten his end.

As long before as 1681, when Colonel Markham was making his first journey to the new province, Penn met Philip Ford, a Bristol Quaker, and was misled into placing confidence in him. Ford was such an one as might have served for the prototype of every smug, canting pretender of religious mind since,—a soft voice, and actions that betokened humility, but with a quick and alert eye, a swift wit and a never satisfied selfish greed. However, Penn was deceived

into accepting the sham for the real man, placed all his trust in him, and was led on even to appoint him his agent in the West of England. A great amount of money passed through Ford's hands in that position—but a large amount did not leave his hands.

Penn, whose religion forbade him to hold mistrust of any man, was an easy victim for the crafty and clever agent. Whatever papers were placed by the agent before him for signature were signed without question or inquiry. And when Penn was needing supplies for his Holy Experiment, Ford succeeded in obtaining his signature to a deed of sale of Pennsylvania and on that security advanced him £2,800. To Penn the document was but a mortgage. To Ford it was an instrument with which to beggar him of his last possession. And not until Ford died was enlightenment shed upon it for William Penn.

Then, and instantly, Ford's widow and son appeared to continue the knavery. Penn was of opinion that his mortgage was almost cancelled. He was stunned, therefore, when a bill was sent him by the widow for the preposterous sum of £14,000, and was accompanied with a threat to sell his province unless it were met.

He suggested referring the matter to arbitrators, but the widow refused. Then, with the aid of a few friends, and from their study of a few documents possessed by him, it was seen that Ford had steadily and without compunction cheated him over a long period of years,

Interest—and compound interest at that—had been levied on all advances made to him; no interest allowed on sums received from him. Every six months the compound interest had been added to Penn's debit; and in addition an exorbitant rate of commission charged against him. Moneys sent by him to Ford from sales of land in America had not been placed to his credit but to his debit, and interest charged on it as if it were a loan granted to him by the agent.

After adjusting these frauds, and so reducing the claim to £4,300, Penn offered to pay that sum off. The widow's reply was a threat to bring a suit against him in Chancery; and Penn, knowing that the deed of sale was still extant and indisputable, nevertheless permitted the case to go forward. The verdict went against him, and the widow and her son caused him to go into the Old Bailey.

There, troubled but undaunted, afflicted by the forces of evil yet faithful, he held frequent meetings for holy worship. Meanwhile young Ford crossed the Atlantic and there gathered around him the riotous and Quaker-hating section of the province and began a course of proceedings planned with the purpose of seizing the Colony. He vowed that he had inherited Pennsylvania from his father who had bought it and had let it go to Penn on a rental. Now he was come to take rightful possession of his property, and to prevent rents being paid to the wrong agents.

While he laboured among the settlers there the widow in England was petitioning the Queen to grant a new Charter of the province in hers and her son's favour. But in that daring imprudence she ventured too far. The Lord Chancellor gave judgement against her and alarmed her with his grave reprimands upon her conduct.

So alarmed now were she and her son that they approached Penn with terms. And it chanced, fortuitously, that Penn's friends, probing the intricacies of the documents again, fell upon a more glaring instance of the older Ford's malfeasances. With this discovery the abominable claim was still further reduced; then a few friends of Penn's took up a mortgage of the Colony, and paid him the sum of £6,800. And out of that he paid the balance of the Fords' claim.

Other enemies, either purposely or of indiscreet behaviour, were at the same time obtruding upon his path. Governor Evans in Pennsylvania, with an ill-advised trick, had drawn all eyes again to the State's defenceless condition. Himself, a leader of the War Party, had taken it into his head to ascertain what force lay at his call in the event of an attack across the frontiers. Cleverly he staged a false alarm of an attack on the city with a report that the French were coming stealthily upon it by way of the river. Seizing his sword he ran through the streets, calling all men to arm. At the sudden shock an utter terror seems to have mastered

the majority of the people. Many of them, we are told, fled into the sheltering woods. And Evans, raising his standard on a hill, calmly counted those who had followed him. Three hundred in all stood by his side, and all were armed and ready for fight. Among them were not a few Quakers.

A graver threat against Penn came from Lord Baltimore, who re-opened the question of the still undefined boundary between their Colonies —and that after a lapse of twenty-three years. Baltimore claimed a half of the Delaware tract, and with much vehemence, since Penn's rights to it had not been completed. He petitioned the Crown to reverse the grant made to the Quaker by an order in Council. By the advice of Lords Sunderland and Somers Penn put in a counter petition. Other petitioners, too, appeared for the the strip of penisula, including the Earl of Sutherland and the Government itself.

One joy was his, and that was the return to him of his province. With clouds packing his sky and darkening his road, he never for a moment lost the delight of visioning those green lands and towering hills of his loved Pennsylvania. There his thoughts lived and his heart rested. And there he longed to go, to live his remaining days in happy peace among his friends and in an atmosphere where he could communicate, without distractions, with God.

He was old and fatigued. The fight had been, and still was, stubborn; and his faculties were weakening. He prayed God to grant him

deliverance from the battle and to transplant him out of the press and tumult into the holy tranquillity of his lands across the sea.

Hoping to revive his sinking health, after the ravages made upon it by imprisonment in the Old Bailey, he removed to Brentwood. But thence he moved again, and very soon to a pretty country house at Ruscombe near to Twyford in Berkshire. Still, and often, he was to be seen in the London streets, and with his friends at Whitehall, where the Queen his friend was always generous to him.

But his heart pined for Pennsylvania, and suffered with its longing the pangs of hunger. And lacking the means that were necessary to carry him out to the province he made appeal to the most prosperous and best-established settlers there to stretch forth a hand in friendliness to him.

CHAPTER XXII

RUSCOMBE

GOVERNOR EVANS had so sorely angered the people of Pennsylvania with his trick of a false alarm of a French invasion that their temper was high and their mood far from charitable when Penn's appeal reached them through his agent.

He expressed with emotion his longing to return to them and his belief that, under his personal control, the affairs of the Province would be carried on more smoothly and happily, He proposed to them, therefore, that they, who were now prosperous, should settle upon him the sum of £600 a year as Governor, when he would come speedily to them and take up his duties.

His appeal was circulated among his own sect, the Friends—but they would not extend assistance to him. While the Assembly was too eager to settle their quarrel with Evans to give even a passing thought to it. Thereupon, in great heaviness of spirit, Penn recalled the Deputy-Governor.

As time passed, and his longing to be with them increased, his hopes of finding them in a more kindly and generous mind did not die. From news of a discovery made by them of a silver mine in the province and its promise to

increase their prosperity still further, his hopes brightened and encouraged him to approach them again.

The silver mine proved to be valueless. Then, moved at last with their determined indifference towards him, he dispatched a letter that was an appeal, a reproach, and a charge all in one. It is one of the most pathetic messages ever wrung from the tortured soul of a noble and unjustly-used Christian. He had done so much for them, he wrote; he had surrendered all for them—yet they refused him a little. He had gone forth to 'give his all,' and to set up an example in faithfulness—the world, his own world, had readily 'taken his all.' He asked them to consider his tireless labour for them, his sleepless nights in their behalf, his heavy burden of cares and the dangers he had faced and the ill-fortunes of his family. Through him and by him they had acquired property, political rights, religious freedom. Had they, therefore, used him justly or kindly even? As they rose to higher prosperity he sank into deeper poverty. He was without power, they possessed power. And he asked for their will of him—should he sell the Colony to the Queen, who was ready to purchase it? Let them make their desires known to him, when his course would be clear.

His charges could not be refuted by them, his reproaches not removed from their conscience. They could not misunderstand the meaning of his message—which was that they had broken his heart.

An election of a new Assembly was instantly demanded as the outcome of his letter, and resulted in the defeat of every member who had shown a callous disregard of his sufferings, and an indifference to the liberality of him the Founder of their State, and of their all. Not one of his antagonists was returned.

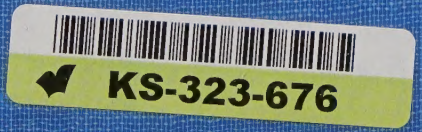
But they had deferred their amendment too long. Their return to a reasonable and kindly frame of mind was too late. The mind of Penn broke under the heaviness of its burdens. Early in the year of 1712 he suffered the first shock of mental paralysis, and from that moment declined rapidly. By the end of the same year the second stroke fell upon him and prostrated him for several weeks. And ere it had passed, and while its effects were still lingering, fell the third and extremely violent blow. His family gathered around him—all but William, Guli's son—knowing that his end was near.

For a while he lingered, and even partially recovered. But in a gentle and placid state of mind he lost himself in the delightful amusements of the children. Among the flowers in the fields, when the weather was favourable, he was to be seen with the young people. When the weather was not so kindly, and did not permit of outdoor excursions, he was happily engrossed in watching their play in the rooms of the house.

And slowly his memory waned and faded out, till it seemed that it broke every strand with his earlier days of affliction and painful conflict. His speech became inarticulate, then failed entirely,

till, at noon-tide on a black day, he was suddenly convulsed with a succession of fits. It was on a day when his friends had gone temporarily from his side. None but Hannah his wife was with him; and she immediately sent post haste to fetch their son John to his bedside. John, a young man of twenty-three, came too late. Early on a beautiful summer morning—on July 30, 1718—Penn's spirit passed quietly away.

On August 5 he was buried in the little Jordans burial ground beside his first wife, sweet Guli, and their first-born, Springett. And, in the words of Hepworth Dixon, 'the people went away afterwards to their several homes subdued and chastened with the thought that a good man, and a great man, who had done his work and earned his rest, had been laid that day upon the bosom of his mother earth.'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